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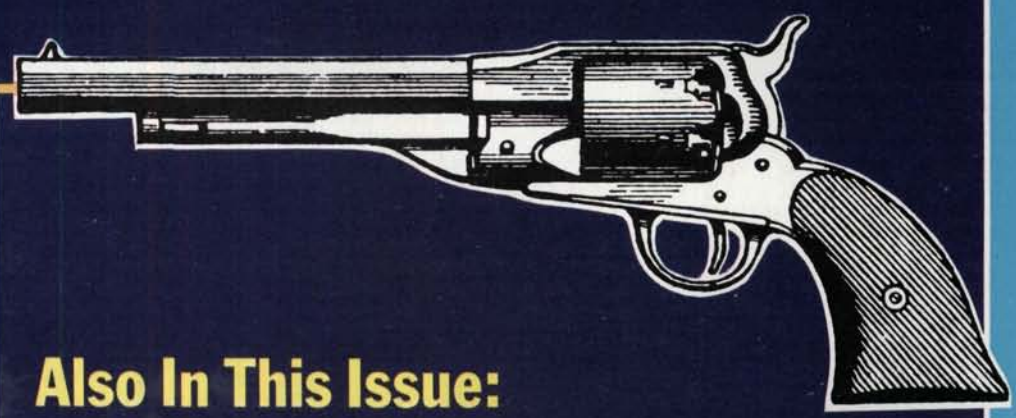
SEPTEMBER 15, 1972

m. F. Buckley Jr. sings Mr. Nixon's Song – see page 1030

NATIONAL REVIEW

IS IT TRUE WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT

The New York Times?



THEY HAVE GUN CONTROLS IN ENGLAND

Also In This Issue:

BURNHAM, BUCKLEY, MANO, SIMONDS.
ALSO PATRICK MAINES, JOHN C. OTTINGER,
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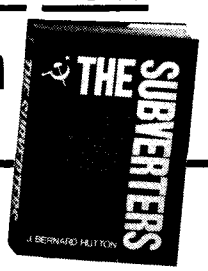
Former Czech Communist official reveals the Communist plot to subvert the West– and spells out, for the first time, the actual techniques being used right now

THE SUBVERTERS J. Bernard Hutton

Illustrated • Index



A riot in Berkeley . . . a bank robbery in New York . . . a Catholic-Protestant confrontation in Northern Ireland . . . a skyjacking over Israel . . . a crippling strike in Britain . . . a black-power march in Harlem . . . the drug-sotted youth culture throughout the West . . .

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NATIONAL REVIEW

VOL. XXIV No. 36 SEPTEMBER 15, 1972

IN THIS ISSUE . . .

. . . we do not (repeat, not) bad-rap the *New York Times*. Two New York advertising men, **John C. Ottinger** and NATIONAL REVIEW's own **Patrick D. Maines**, fell to wondering not long ago just how objective the *Times* is. They knew the *Times* fervently believes itself to be fair and balanced, they knew many of its readers are convinced it slants the news almost beyond recognition—but they found a dearth of evidence to support either view. So they set to work, counting and classifying stories and pictures for five litmus news events, and came up with what may be the first statistical study of the extent to which the *Times*' aggressively liberal editorial bias spills over into the news pages. Their conclusion: the doors are pretty much water-tight. . . . The simultaneous calls—often from the same mouths—for more gun controls and less capital punishment in America are again on the increase. **M. F. Harvey** reports on how things have worked out in England, where they have more or less what our own progressives desire. . . . The American South, **John Shelton Reed** suggests, remains out of step with the rest of the country: Race relations are improving there. . . . Reporting from Texas, **Val Victorson** introduces rising conservative star Hank Grover, who just may be the state's first Republican governor since the 1870s, unless he gets it in the neck from some of his fellow Republicans. —CHS

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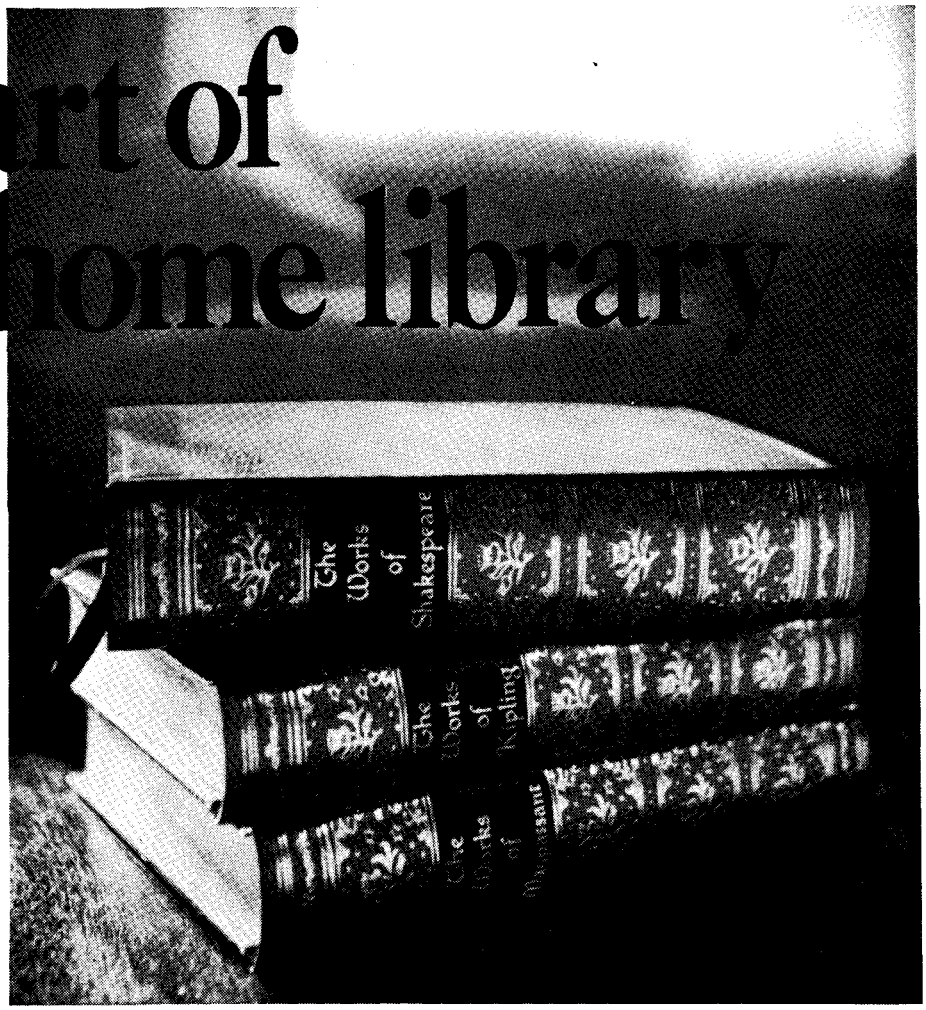

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FOR THE RECORD

■ "People's candidate" **George McGovern** raising lotsa dough by direct mail —from very small lists: **Morris Dees**, in charge of operation, says mailings to 166,000 people have brought in contributions averaging a surprisingly high $40 per. . . . **John Ashbrook** irked at UPI dispatch quoting him as saying he'll vote "with great reluctance" for **Nixon**. Ashbrook tells FTR he hasn't yet stated whom he will vote for, and meanwhile is "not endorsing or campaigning for anyone." . . . *N.Y. Times* expected to endorse McGovern late in campaign, though this will not please some of top staff. . . . Six black aldermen, big cogs in Mayor **Richard Daley**'s machine, warn McGovern not to be "hoodwinked and bamboozled" by flamboyant Rev. **Jesse Jackson**; say they, not he, can get out black vote in Chicago. . . . Some Daley faithful pushing scheme to write in Mayor's name on presidential ballot as rebuke to McGovern; they could get as many as 200,000 votes, and the boss hasn't said uh-uh yet. . . . Chances of Nixon taking New York State just got big boost: Republican State Committee has agreed to field joint slate of electors with Conservative Party. **Nelson Rockefeller**, who rebuffed Conservatives in '64 and '68, okayed move this year.

■ Polls: Tally by **USO** of 1,600 GIs in Saigon showed 70 per cent for Nixon, 16 per cent for McGovern, rest undecided. . . . "Underground Poll" of tourists at **Meramec Caverns** in Stanton, Mo. has picked winner in past five elections; this year gives it to Nixon 65 per cent to 35 per cent. . . . Summing it up nicely: "McGovern's candidacy is a declaration of war on the American people by America's intellectuals." —**Ayn Rand**. . . . July John Birch Society *Bulletin* has 25-page "letter" (of endorsement) from **Robert Welch** to American Independent Party candidate **John Schmitz**, plus invite to Schmitz to join Society's advisory council. Elsewhere same issue, Welch 1) announces Schmitz' acceptance of that bid, 2) says of letter, "our only regret is that we simply could not find the time to make it shorter."

Shailo, London *Daily Telegraph* Ben Roth Agency

"I should have thought the situation was bad enough without making it hopeless . . ."

■ Local races: Trouble in Rhode Island, where liberal Republicans running **John Chafee**'s Senate campaign play down the links to Nixon. *Providence Journal* headline tells it all— NIXON SURGES FAR AHEAD, PELL GAINING ON CHAFEE. . . . In Oklahoma, fairly-good-guy Democrat Rep. **Ed Edmondson** (ACU rating, 70 per cent) handily beat ten primary challengers, faces former Gov. **Dewey Bartlett** for Senate seat vacated by long-ago presidential hopeful Fred Harris (see below). . . . **John Kerry**, superstar of Vietnam Veterans against the War, dropping war issue in his Massachusetts House campaign, stressing unemployment instead.

■ People: Milwaukee Archdiocese can't seem to find parish for Fr. **James Groppi** (last seen among counterpeople in Flamingo Park), so he's threatening to leave town, take job with NAACP. . . . Guess he doesn't expect a Cabinet post: **Fred Harris** taking up work as professional populist, will head tax-exempt New Populist Institute and its non-exempt political arm, New Populist Action. . . . Company owned by **David Frost** wants to manage **Bobby Fischer**, has offered him $250,000 advance. . . . **César Chavez**' latest boycott, lettuce (endorsed by McGovern), really jurisdictional dispute with Teamsters Union, whose members pack the lettuce they pick in boxes bearing red-white-and-blue "Re-elect the President" symbol.

■ According to Hong Kong newspaper report, anti-Chou pamphlets being circulated in **Red China** by outfit called "Burn Chou—Protect Chiang [Ching, Mrs. Mao] Combat Group." . . . **Japan**'s Communist Party, in effort to broaden base, has dropped hammer-and-sickle emblem for cog-wheel and stalk of rice. . . . **West Germany**'s Military Intelligence Service said it investigated 31,000 reports of Red espionage last year.

■ Weird World: Fewer than half of **18-to-24-year-olds** can tell you what state George McGovern represents. . . . Seven Chicago **smut dealers** wanted to set up an obscene telephone call service for kinky/lonely ladies; their lawyer said forget it. . . . When a water main broke in **Bristol, England** one hot summer day, officials found they had no "BROKEN MAIN" signs, so they put up what one called "the nearest we could find": "SNOW DRIFTS."

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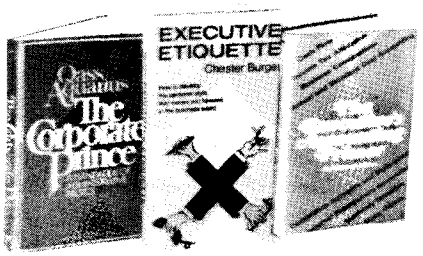

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LETTERS

Bravi!

May I take a moment to thank you for M. Stanton Evans' cogent, informative and purposeful analysis of the man I feel is the Republican Party's most significant figure—Spiro Agnew ["The Political Odyssey of Spiro T. Agnew," Aug. 18]. Mr. Evans offered, for perhaps the first time anywhere, a truly discerning study of the Vice President, who gives conservative supporters, if not a guarantee for '76, at least a rare intellectual hope. Bravo!

West New York, N.J. D. THOMAS

Three cheers for James Jackson Kilpatrick's "Through the Hibiscus, Dimly" [Aug. 4]. One cheer for the quality of reporting (how many journalists picked up on the Gay Liberationists' wedding?), one for the analysis (both of the new theory of representation and of McGovern's own tactics), and one for the brilliant writing ("So might the last of the pterodactyls have surveyed the primeval swamps"!). Kilpo makes conventions worth reading about.

Boston, Mass. LUCY THORNE

Apologies to Brewster

Several times in recent issues of *NR*, the last time in John Browne's "A Soporific Evening with Angela Davis" [July 21], one or another writer has ridiculed the notion that, in his words, "The force of world indignation and the efforts of the defense committees had, apparently, railroaded the jury into an acquittal." I find this, apart from the rhetoric, to be a probably correct assessment: Following the august lead of the Warren Court, lower courts have become markedly politicized. That Angela Davis says so does not make it wrong, and it is shortsighted of the spokesmen for conservatism to dismiss such a trend as silly, because it is so unpleasant to view its consequences. I think *NR* owes Kingman Brewster an apology: it *has* become difficult, if not impossible, for a black revolutionary to get justice in an American court.

Columbus, Ohio WILLIAM PETERSEN

God, Man and the SST

Every now and then I am almost beguiled into believing that NATIONAL REVIEW has a consistent philosophy. And then you blow it, as in the paragraph on the SST ["The Week," July 21].

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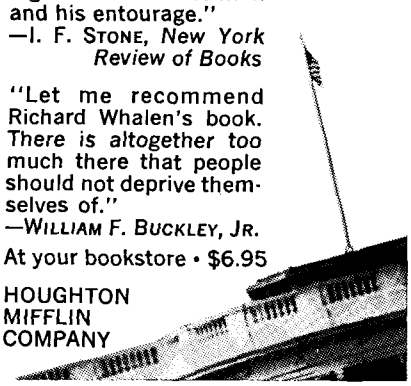

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criteria in deciding what items to produce for sale, let alone accept George Meany as an authority on the employment effects of taking money from the pockets of taxpayers to make up the difference between the cost of producing SSTs and their value to purchasers?

I trust that this is only a momentary aberration and not a sign that *NR* has adopted the motto, "We are all Socialists now."

Ely, Vt. MILTON FRIEDMAN

No commercial air transport has ever been developed and built, in this or any other country, without government support, direct or indirect (often military), nor any space satellite or vehicle. Well, as granddad used to say, if God had intended us to fly, He would have given us lap-trays.
—ED.

Second Generation

As a young conservative, I would like to respond to the following remarks made by Mr. Robert Sagehorn ["Letters," June 23]: ". . . in its second decade, leaders of a strict conservative derivation should be emerging. But they are not yet in evidence, and apparently the passing of the former Marxists will leave a void at *NR* and other conservative centers."

Who says that "leaders of a strict conservative derivation" are "not yet in evidence" in the second generation? What does Mr. Sagehorn call John Coyne and Peter Witonski and R. Emmett Tyrrell Jr.? How does he explain the *Alternative*, a whiggishly conservative magazine manned and contributed to primarily by college students? Is YAF merely a figment of the imagination? The Intercollegiate Studies Institute a wisp of smoke floating over academe? On the contrary, Mr. Sagehorn, new "conservative centers" are being formed all the time.

Staunton, Va. DAVID YEAGO

Sin and Sinners

While William Rickenbacker ["The Law Forbidding Sin," Jan. 21] and Gilbert Meilaender ["The Open Question," Aug. 4] are confronting sin and sinners, one may wish to ponder the problem in this light: Most persons hold the view that if there were no sin or sinners, government could be dispensed with completely; that as sin and sinners are in ascendency, more government is required. This would seem to argue that a society of total sinners would require total government. Then who would be the governor?

If we then retreat from a society of total sinners, the question persists as to who will be the governor? Precisely where would be reached the magic number in proportion of sin to non-sin, or sinners to non-sinners, where the desired outcome would be assured? In judging that point, it is well to keep in mind the important factor so vividly stressed by Lord Acton in his exchange with Bishop Creighton (1887) when he wrote, "Power tends to corrupt and absolute power corrupts absolutely."

And it is seasonally timely to note the further words of Lord Acton, "There is no worse heresy than that the office sanctifies the holder of it." This would seem relevant to Mr. Meilaender's apparent attraction to the view that *institutions* control and order our passionate natures. For I have yet to see and appraise the performance of an institution—political or other—devoid of us fallible humans.

Menlo Park, Calif. F. A. HARPER

Get the Lead Out?

"Why Get the Lead Out?" by Arthur Gerunda [July 21] was an excellent job of reporting. I have never seen so many misconceptions and half-truths paraded before the American public as in the controversy over leaded gasoline. Gerunda succinctly points out most of the headaches that American motorists will suffer if lead is railroaded out of gasoline by the Environmental Protection Agency.

However, Mr. Gerunda missed one big point that affects the very security of our petroleum-energy reserves. Most of this country's energy comes from petroleum, and the elimination of lead from gasoline will cause a 5 per cent increase in the use of crude oil. It has been calculated that 330 million barrels per year of additional crude oil would be needed to make unleaded gasoline. This is the equivalent of eliminating all the crude-oil production in California for the year 1980. This would make our country even more dependent on foreign crude oil than it is now. Depending on foreign countries, especially the Arab nations, is an extremely dangerous game to play with our basic energy requirements.

Houston, Tex. THOMAS F. HANLON

In Darkest von Dreele

Re: W. H. von Dreele's poem, "In Darkest Africa" [Aug. 4].

The Belgians never exploited Burundi and Rwanda. The Germans actually did.

What are now Burundi and Rwanda were part of German East Africa until 1918. The League of Nations then turned it over to Belgium to administer as a Mandated Trust Territory. This Belgium did until both were granted independence.

New York, N.Y. WALTER M. KAUFMAN

Wallen v. Hoffa

Charles Wallen's article, "Hoffa—Baptized" [July 7], regrettably misses the main point of the Bobby Kennedy-Hoffa imbroglio. Walter Reuther was the chief instigator and mastermind of the inter-labor melodrama entitled "Improper Activities in Labor-Management." Communist Harry Bridges' march inland from the docks was blocked by the staunchly anti-Communist Teamsters' Union. Reuther in Detroit was

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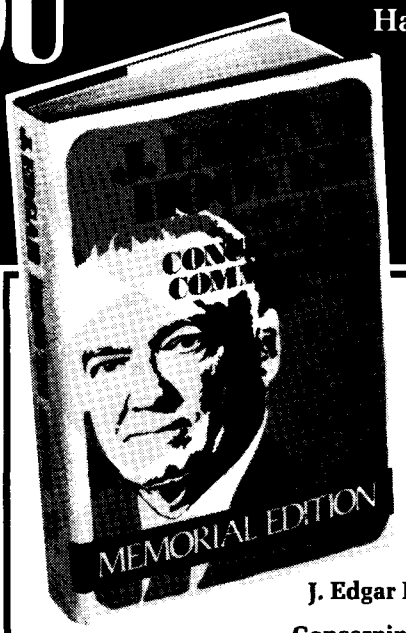

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after Hoffa's scalp. The trick, then, was to expose the old-line AFL labor leaders as corrupt, evil old grafters in secret collusion with the hated "bosses."

It worked beautifully—Beck and Hoffa went to jail. Untouched by the slightest breath of scandal Reuther and Bridges came out smelling sweeter than roses. Not only union members but the public drew what seemed a logical inference. AFL conservative, anti-Communist and simple "bread and butter" unions are all evil and rotten to the core. CIO radical and autocratically ruled unions emerged honest and pure as the driven snow. Not until the investigation was nearly over did the GOP senators and "Honest John" McClellan realize with chagrin that they had been "taken," but good.

KARL BAARSLAG
Former General Chairman,
AFL Radio Officers Union
Rodanthe, N.C.

"Hoffa—Baptized" is hogwash and bunk! As an employer of "field surveyors" I was obliged to join an employer's association way back in the Fifties. In my subsequent dealings with the employer's association and with the Operating Engineer's Union, I have gained some measure of knowledge about unions in general.

I talked to several representatives from the Operating Engineer's Union who dealt with the Teamsters' Union in Hoffa's heyday and—with only two exceptions—they acknowledged that he was among the most despicable men in the union movement. I dislike the mendaciousness of the Kennedys as much as anyone, but I don't care who accuses Hoffa, it is wrong to try to make him out to be some sort of honorable person.

As an idealist I hope that although *Saturday Review* et al. join in a tremendous voice to clobber Mr. Hoffa, NATIONAL REVIEW will not automatically defend him.
Garden Grove, Calif. ROBERT H. BAKER

WAS(P)

Pooh, on Nathan Glazer and his *Puritan individualism*—"Puritan insistence on the primacy of the individual, ideally free of all primordial ties—in particular those of family and kin—which would tie him down, physically, socially, morally" ["Books," Aug. 18].

WASP culture is a great deal older than Christianity in Northern Europe: "Their general philosophy of life was that every man must rely on himself and his own wisdom; he must place no reliance on others, least of all upon women. The great aim in life is to attain fame and fair speech from men after death" (*Cambridge Medieval History*, Vol. III, p. 330).

This is Dr. Allen Mawer describing the Vikings circa 800 A.D. These early WASPs were individualists but certainly not Puritans.
North Hollywood, Calif. L. E. SANDERSON

(Continues on page 1027)

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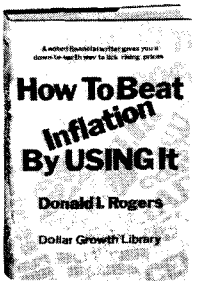

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THE WEEK

■ Headline of the Week: RESEARCHER LINKS MOONSHINE TO CANCER. (*N.Y. Times*, Aug. 22.)

■ "Keynesian economics and the welfare state in some form are now orthodoxy among American leaders." The preceding quote just about sums up the results of a Columbia University survey of 456 of America's richest, most powerful and most influential people. Most of the leaders are doveish on Vietnam and foreign policy in general; two-thirds believe the U.S. has "contributed to the escalation of cold war by overreacting to Soviet moves." As for the kids, a majority of Amerika's leaders agreed with the statement: "The rebellious ideas of youth contribute to the progress of society."

■ The House has already approved the U.S.-USSR interim agreement on offensive weapons, but, thanks to White House backtracking on a rider put forward by Henry Jackson, the agreement has not yet received Senate approval. The Russians are becoming restive. Mikhail Suslov, a ranking member of the Politburo, has let it be known that the Soviets "will attentively watch attempts of certain forces in the U.S.A. to distort the spirit and letter of the treaty and interim agreement." And, Suslov warns, approval of the agreement is a "decisive factor" in further negotiations. Got that, senators?

■ A three-judge constitutional court in New York has ruled that abortion is a form of "necessary medical assistance" and, therefore, that Medicaid must reimburse hospitals for abortions performed on indigent women, regardless of whether the abortion is necessary to preserve the woman's life or health. The judges said the former rule—that the abortion had to be "medically indicated" to qualify for Medicaid—"would deny indigent women the equal protection of the laws to which they are constitutionally entitled." Any woman who wants an abortion, for any reason, can have one, with the state paying for it if she cannot. Thus, this decision, if upheld, establishes abortion not merely as a legal act, but as a juridically protected right.

■ The environmentalists insist we must find a replacement for the reciprocating piston engine lest we all suffocate. It hasn't been easy. Turbines get very hot, which means they must be made of expensive alloys. Electric cars are slow, need frequent recharging and would require lots of new generating plants. Diesels produce less carbon monoxide than gasoline engines, but more nitrogen oxides. Steam engines seem promising, but not enough research has been done to make them practical in the near future. General Motors therefore plans to offer a Wankel-powered car by late 1974. The Wankel rotary engine (already used in the Japanese Mazda) is unusually smooth and quiet, has few moving parts and takes up little room. It is inherently no cleaner-burning than a regular engine, but its small size leaves more room for emission-control gadgetry. Trouble is, a cleaned-up Wankel uses up to 20 per cent more fuel than a comparable reciprocating engine. Ecologues may thus be faced with one of those troublesome tradeoffs they seldom face up to: cleaner air versus the consequences of a more rapid drain on scarce energy sources.

■ What do our Communist friends think of George McGovern? According to the *Wall Street Journal*, not much. Nixon is a known commodity, McGovern a puzzle. China may not really want, as McGovern promises, U.S. forces withdrawn from Asia because, as China knows, Russia abhors a vacuum. For its part, Russia has been talking for many months with the Nixon Administration; the talks would have to start over from scratch with McGovern. Czechoslovakia calls McGovern a "light political unknown," and East Germany doesn't give him a chance of winning. Only North Vietnam has a kind word for McGovern, saying his Vietnam proposals could lead to a "correct, peaceful settlement."

■ He may be a lawman (Shaft; Coffin Ed and Gravedigger Jones) or an outlaw (Sweet Sweetback; Nigger Charley); he's always black, mean, tough and dripping with machismo. Black movie audiences love him; so do lots of whites; the blacks and whites of the NAACP, however, want to lynch him: "We will not tolerate the continued warping of our black children's minds with the filth, violence and cultural lies that are all-pervasive in current productions of so-called black movies." Don't fret, black moviegoers—white folks have been told for years to turn away from Little Caesar and Sam Spade and James Bond and to walk in the paths of goodness with Paul Muni, and it hasn't made a bit of difference.

■ Although the Chinese UN delegate made everyone very cross when he vetoed the Security Council resolution to make Bangladesh a member, his supporting comments were a model of political analysis confirming once more that it takes one to know one. They were devoted to Bangladesh's midwife and patron. "Soviet socialist imperialism," he began, and the term itself is worth many a doctoral dissertation, "is playing a most insidious role in South Asia. . . . The sole purpose of Soviet socialist imperialism is to further control India and Bangladesh, to expand the spheres of her influence and to bully Pakistan at will." Nor is its aggression limited to South Asia, but pressed "with honey in mouth and dagger in heart" against many another country, conspicuously including "those in Africa and the Middle East."

■ Puerto Rico freely chose to become a U.S. Commonwealth in 1952 and the people seem to like it: A 1967 referendum showed that 60 per cent preferred commonwealth status, 38 per cent wanted statehood and less than 1 per cent wanted their island to be independent. None

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of which fazes the UN's Colonialism Committee, which has just passed a resolution to put Puerto Rico under study as a U.S. colony and therefore "entitled to" (i.e., required to accept) independence. Luis Ferre, Puerto Rico's governor, says his country doesn't want to be branded as a colony and suggests the Committee pass declarations favoring freedom for colonies that deserve the label such as Cuba, Czechoslovakia, Poland . . .

■ Peter Hodder, a white man, was Rhodesia's track coach at the Munich Olympics. He trains only those athletes he thinks have potential—black and white. One of them, Bernard Dzoma, a black man, was to compete in Munich (see "Reform the Olympics," below). In 1968, after learning Rhodesia was kicked out of the Mexico Olympics, Dzoma had a nervous breakdown. It took Hodder eighteen months to get him to train again. "Who's going to tell Bernard Dzoma this time?" his coach asks.

■ Thirteen months ago senior officers in the Moroccan army tried to knock off their country's leader, King Hassan II. They failed but did manage to kill nearly a hundred of his friends. Three weeks ago the air force tried. The jet bringing the King back from a vacation in France was attacked by one of its escorts. The plane was hit but the King was unharmed. A few days after this close shave, the King announced the removal of Commodore Driss Abaroudi, chief of the navy. Maybe Hassan intends to take up water-skiing.

■ Of course, the Free Chinese delegation had to leave when Red China was admitted to the UN. And it was only logical that the Reds should insist Taiwan be kicked off UNESCO, UNICEF, WHO and all the other UN-related international agencies. The Communist demand that two Free Chinese newsmen lose their UN press credentials seemed petty to some, but the Secretariat went meekly along. With all those precedents, the UN could hardly refuse to omit all mention of Taiwan from its *Statistical Yearbook*. Now UN officials even spare the Reds the trouble of asking: They have removed, unbidden, the bronze plaque identifying Free China as the donor of a marble slab bearing a quotation from Confucius. . . . *Really*, in the name of sanity, international harmony and human *decency*, we simply *cannot* ignore the existence of ~~800 million~~ 15 million Chinese!

■ Near the center of the former Dark Continent there sits General Idi Amin, peerless leader of Uganda, who has made news with his common-sense method of solving his country's Asian problem. But Amin is also, and this hasn't got so much attention, a man with heart: When Tanzania's President Nyerere sent a telegram accusing him of racism, Amin, a man of feeling, was hurt. He sent a two-thousand-word telegram castigating Nyerere for his "indecent language." But Amin cooled off toward the end. In fact he cooled off so much he got kind of hot, telling Nyerere: "I love you very much, and if you had been a woman I would have considered marrying you—despite your gray hairs." But, as love often does, the telegram ended sadly, with Amin, a man with four wives and all of them women, pointing out that since Nyerere is a man "the possibility does not arise."

■ The Algerian government used to love Black Panthers and hate the United States, but now it is not so sure. In June the Algerians returned a $500,000 hijacking ransom to Western Airlines; and, a few weeks ago, $1 million extorted from Delta. The Panthers had demanded the money but didn't get a penny. Then Algerian authorities raided Panther headquarters, put the occupants under house arrest, and may expel them. Why the seeming shift? It could be a coincidence, but U.S. corporations are currently negotiating to buy several billion dollars' worth of Algerian natural gas.

■ Would you buy a pair of used track shoes from Sergei Pavlov, the Soviet sports chief, who came on this way at Munich: "Political prestige does not interest us at all. You may not believe me, but medals have no meaning for us. We only hope our athletes do well and the referees are fair"?

■ Chess sets fill Woolworth's windows. Retailers sell them, from 98 cents to hundreds of dollars, faster than they can stock them. A random survey of Manhattan saloons finds more TV sets tuned to Fischer *v.* Spassky than to the Mets. From Wall Street elevators to Los Angeles supermarkets, the talk is of chess. It's the biggest rage since . . . acupuncture.

Convention Notes

At Miami Beach the Republican Party had a party, and though much media comment characterized the whole thing as "smug," "programmed" and "boring," and suggested in various ways that the delegates were Babbitts from Main Street, another view is surely closer to the truth. The dominant mood was not smugness but geniality and good humor. These on-the-whole attractive and well-turned-out Middle Americans were enjoying themselves for a few days at Miami Beach and feeling, by and large, pleased with their country, their political party and themselves. The contrast between this atmosphere and the counterculture styles and mod puritanism of the Democratic gathering could not have been sharper.

In many of the Convention's features, too, it was possible to discern a symbolic rejection of the 1960s' counterculture. Movies evoked the Eisenhower Fifties, as did the endorsement of Nixon by Mrs. Eisenhower. The presence of Julie and David Eisenhower embodied, literally, the connection between 1972 and the Republican Fifties, as did such near-mythic figures as Jimmy Stewart

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and John Wayne. We are now returning, so the symbolism could be read, to good sense and moderation after the lurid interval of the 1960s.

Despite the fun and the symbolism, however, the Convention had plenty of political content, though not of a kind at all likely to be savored by the press and the electronic media. The Republican Party in 1972 remains a center-right political institution, and in this perhaps reflects the temper of the nation at large. In the post-Eisenhower Republican Party, the liberal vote at the Convention has consistently peaked at around four hundred votes, or substantially less than one-third of the total. The only liberal-conservative clash at Miami concerned the apportionment of delegates for the 1976 Convention, and here the liberal Republicans mustered only their usual minority.

Contrary to much that has been written, however, the rejection of the liberal formula does not assure Vice President Agnew of the 1976 nomination. First of all, the Republican ticket this year may well carry a number of the larger and more liberal states, thus enhancing their 1976 delegate strength, perhaps even altering some of the equations at the next Convention. And second, Agnew in 1976 will be obliged to demonstrate his durability and appeal in assorted primaries throughout the country. The field is likely to be crowded; the result is not now predictable.

Meanwhile, the constitutionality of the new apportionment formula will be tested in the courts by the Ripon Society. A federal judge in Washington, D.C. has already upheld the Society's view that the apportioning of delegates to the 1972 Convention was unconstitutional, and the revised plan may not satisfy the courts. The challenge, indeed, really engages the question of the nature of American political parties. Is the Republican Party, for example, a private organization which attempts periodically to sell its wares to the public, or is it, instead, a public entity, really a part of the government, and therefore subject to the one-man one-vote interpretation of the Constitution?

It is virtually impossible to see how Pete McCloskey can remain in the Republican Party. Not only did he provide a press conference forum for Daniel Ellsberg to launch an attack upon President Nixon, indeed to question Nixon's personal as well as political integrity, but, on Wednesday night, he distributed Convention passes to war protesters who seized this opportunity to heckle the President during his acceptance speech. "For me," writes TRB in the *New Republic*, "the highlight comes when the reluctant chairman of the New Mexico delegation has to record the one anti-Nixon vote for Rep. Pete McCloskey. The chairman acts as though he were carrying some obscene thing in tongs to a flush toilet."

The great confrontation planned for Wednesday night by Rennie Davis, Dave Dellinger and other Movement leaders flopped almost completely, and Miami 1972 may well mark the last gasp of the war-protest movement. Far fewer demonstrators showed up than had been projected, and all too visibly many of these were disreputable drifters and spaced-out types seizing upon any chance to do some trashing and some hassling. If the Miami protest had any impact at all, which is dubious, it probably helped Nixon.

Richard Nixon has observed on more than one occasion that the man who unites his party has a good chance of uniting the nation. From that perspective, the Miami Convention reflected a remarkable political accomplish-

The Case against Over-Letting It Never Be Said

YOU JUST PROVED MY POINT! I SAID THE REASON A RACISTOLOGIST, WHICH IS GOOD, LIKE YOU, HITS A RACIALISTITIAN, WHICH YOU THINK IS BAD, LIKE ME, BECAUSE YOU THINK HE SUSPECTS YOU'RE RACIALISTIC, WHICH IS BAD, INSTEAD OF RACISTLESSISTIC, WHICH IS GOOD, IS BECAUSE ALTHOUGH YOU PROFESS RACELESSICITY, YOU PROFESS IT FOR THE WRONG REASON, WHICH IS BAD (OTHERWISE YOU WOULDN'T OVEREMPHASIZE IT, UNDEREMPHASIZE IT OR FAIL TO EMPHASIZE IT, WHICH MAKES YOU AUTOMATICALLY A RACISTIZATIONIST, WHICH IS BAD). THAT'S WHY I SAID YOU WERE A CREDIT TO YOUR RACIALISTITUDE!

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ment, a tribute at least to Nixon's artistry, and perhaps to his statesmanship. Not only Ronald Reagan but Jacob Javits, not only James Buckley, Strom Thurmond and Barry Goldwater, but Nelson Rockefeller, Charles Percy and Edward Brooke—whatever the reservations each of them may hold—visibly united behind Nixon. It is too early to tell, but the possibility is certainly not excluded that the "boring" Miami Convention of 1972 may turn out to have been one of the great turning points in American politics.

Come Home, Wall Street

The McGovern flacks couldn't make up their minds what sort of advance billing to give their man's August 29 address to the New York Society of Security Analysts. It was to be the greatest, that they were agreed on, and was going "to clear everything up." But was it to be pictured as St. George boldly confronting the dragons, St. Francis conversing amiably with the birds and beasts, Daniel jumping into the den, or Christ calming the waves? A chap can really get himself tangled looking for a formula to bring him, all at the same moment, money from Wall Street, top slots from the media, cheers from the campuses, and Right Ons! from the ghetto. In the event, the fifty-minute talk (twice too long anyway for a Wall Street lunch crowd, somebody ought to have told our prairie preacher) flopped like a dead duck in every quarter.

It would be a waste of time to analyze the candidate's latest set of figures, since every time he discusses economics, finance, budgets or taxes, he puts out a different batch. Gone this time, alas, were those $1,000 checks each and every one of us 205 million citizens was counting on from the primary campaign promises. But what's a mere $205,000,000,000 among New Politicians? No mention, that Wall Street Tuesday, of the $57-billion super-care-for-everybody medical plan. The McGovern welfare revolution had been through a wringer that made it come out looking just about like the Nixon welfare plan—not much of a recommendation to his immediate audience. His defense budget was still missing any funds for gasoline—though perhaps that is not an oversight, since tanks, planes and ships won't need to move once they've come back home to McGovern's peaceable kingdom. There were a number of casual additions, like the 50 per cent federal interest cost subsidy to permit states and cities to eliminate tax-exempt bonds, the arithmetic of which was immediately recognized by the analysts present to be even more cockeyed than most McGovernomics, but think nothing of it, there will be plenty more changes to come.

The candidate, looking over the heads of his hosts, rolled out a retreaded version of his program to use the tax mechanism to take billions away from corporations and the privileged to give to the poor to make them rich and happy and at the same time leave the corporations and the privileged just as wealthy and happy as ever.

As an afterthought the speaker tossed in Wilbur Mills —who has many admirers on Wall Street—as the man he will make Secretary of the Treasury. On being subsequently interviewed, Rep. Mills' enthusiasm was rather less than overwhelming.

Let's Hear It for George Meany

I've just perused the platform
The GOP put out.
The foreign plank, I'll live with;
The busing plank has clout.
But though I sift the sawdust,
The carpenters agree
I shall not find one splinter
Supporting 14b.

W. H. von Dreele

Why Not Bomb the Dikes?

Aviation Week & Space Technology (Aug. 14 and Aug. 28 issues) reproduces recent photographs of sections of the North Vietnamese canal and dike system. Anti-aircraft guns are emplaced on several of the dikes; smoke from their firing is plainly visible. Other dikes are covered with petroleum drums and other military supplies. There is no reason to distrust the statements that such positioning of guns and supplies on dikes is frequent and widespread. These guns shoot at American aircraft on bombing missions against nearby military and industrial targets, from time to time destroying the aircraft and in all cases making achievement of the missions' objectives more difficult and dangerous. The petroleum fuels the North Vietnamese tanks and trucks.

What, then, are the American pilots supposed to do? Are they to regard the dikes as off-limit sanctuaries for [illegible] the enemy chooses to locate, as he frequently does, on or near the dikes? The idea is absurd, and we do not question the reports that in bombing targets on or near the dikes, some dikes have been damaged—though the relatively small number of reports and photographs allegedly detailing such damage and the total absence of any report or photograph of the actual destruction of any dike suggest that the bombing is being carried out, so far as the dikes go, with skill and restraint.

Jane Fonda, Ramsey Clark and other members of the Hanoi-American Friendship Society tell us they have seen bombed dikes with nothing military on or near them. What they mean is that North Vietnamese propagandists and security agents have shown them dikes having no military items then at hand, and exhibiting damage they tell their visitors is the result of U.S. bombs. It does not take much skepticism to reflect that a) many

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

Only five of the 45 incumbent Republican Senators (George Aiken of Vermont, Milton Young of North Dakota, Karl Mundt of South Dakota, Margaret Chase Smith of Maine, Wallace Bennett of Utah) were in the Senate of 1952-1954 when the GOP last held a majority, and all Republicans long for another crack at the majority's power and perquisites. If the Republicans gain five seats, and Nixon wins, then Agnew will cast the deciding vote, and that will be that. It even is possible that if the Republicans gain only four seats Senator Harry Byrd of Virginia, a Democrat who won re-election in 1970 as an independent, might join with the GOP in organizing the Senate.

It is too early to tell whether a four or five seat gain is likely. Still, guessing is possible and fun. Guesses about some of the races herewith. Others in the next issue.

■ There is a lady, a conservative Republican lady, who wants to be Senator from *West Virginia.* State Senator Louise Leonard is running hard against pornography and Senator Jennings Randolph. Both pornography and Randolph will survive.

■ Republican Winton "Red" Blount, 51, advocates a mandatory retirement age for Congress. It probably will take such a law to retire *Alabama* Senator John Sparkman, 74. Alabama Governor George Wallace dislikes Blount and rumors persist that a deal has been struck by which the White House agreed to ease off in Alabama in return for Wallace keeping a low profile nationally this fall. As Chairman of the Banking, Housing and Urban Affairs Committee Sparkman has lots of friends at lots of banks. Neither he nor Blount is short of money. Sparkman's strength is seniority, Blount's strength is McGovern.

■ In *New Mexico* Jack Daniels is not a whisky, but the personable, oil-rich Democratic candidate for the seat of retiring Democratic Senator Clinton Anderson. (Daniels' brother Bill is a major figure in Colorado Republican politics.) Daniels is opposed by Pete Domenici who thrashed former two-term Governor David Cargo in the Republican primary. (Cargo promptly pulled up stakes and moved to Oregon where he now becomes a problem for the Oregon Republican Party.) The race will be close.

■ *Arkansas*' Senator John McClellan, 76, got a scare in the Democratic primary. Since then he has become chairman of the Appropriations Committee. The Republican candidate, Wayne Babbitt, can plan to return soon to his veterinary practice.

■ A *Virginian*, Stonewall Jackson, demonstrated how to turn a series of retreats into a series of victories. Today Virginia's Democratic Senator William Spong is trying to win re-election by retreating from George McGovern and the McGovernites who have seized total control of the Virginia Democratic Party. Republican Congressman William Scott has a chance to unhorse Spong, but the Virginia Republican Party, never strong, has been taken over by conservatives in a way that causes moderate Republicans to run for cover. In addition, the party was weakened by White House collusion in the 1970 re-election of independent Senator Harry Byrd. Virginia is a state in which McGovern is the Republicans' best hope.

■ *Montana* State Senator Henry Hibbard is a good campaigner with a robust organization and an opponent—two-term Democratic Senator Lee Metcalf —who has benefited from weak opposition in past victories. This could be a pleasant surprise for Republicans.

■ Frank Kelley, *Michigan* Attorney General, is running against Republican whip Robert Griffin. Kelley is an outstate Democrat, a plugger who has won several statewide races. Although formerly identified with the Michigan Democratic Party's endorsement of busing, as Attorney General he has been in the forefront of Michigan's fight against the extreme busing order affecting Detroit. He has thus neutralized what was to have been Griffin's big issue. So Griffin needs a new issue and a strong Nixon showing in a state where the big labor union—the UAW—is solidly behind McGovern. In a recent poll Griffin trailed by two points.

■ Gordon Allott, 65, chairman of the Senate Republican Policy Committee, is well on his way to becoming *Colorado*'s first four-term senator. Allott got 58 per cent of the vote in 1966 and should do better this time.

■ The death of Senator Allen Ellender cleared the way for State Senator J. Bennett Johnston to win the *Louisiana* Democratic primary with 80 per cent of the vote. Last year Johnston came within a whisker of winning the governorship. Now the only chance for the GOP is to persuade former National Committeeman Tom Stagg to make the race. Stagg was the behind-the-scenes hero of the conservatives' victory in the rules fight at the Miami Convention. He is attractive, energetic and clever. Whether he is willing to run is another matter. If not, former Governor John McKeithen might just win as an independent. The only thing certain is that the current Republican nominee, Ben Toledano of New Orleans, will need all the breaks and then some. But he might step aside if Stagg yields to the pressure to run.

■ Senator Clifford Case of *New Jersey* is to the Senate what Secaucus is to New Jersey—not its finest ornament. But he is unbeatable, as former Congressman Paul Krebs will find out in November.

■ *Georgia* Senator David Gambrell, who was appointed to complete the term of the late Richard Russell, defeated fifteen competitors in an August primary, but he got less than a third of the vote, and was forced into a run-off. Congressman Fletcher Thompson, a conservative Republican, has a good chance to win, especially if McGovern is a drag on the ticket, and if John Connally's Democrats for Nixon operation is not active in encouraging Georgians to split their vote.

■ Democratic Senator Thomas McIntyre answers his mail, cultivates his obscurity and pleases the people of *New Hampshire*. He will be re-elected. □

—CATO

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kinds of military equipment, conspicuously including anti-aircraft guns, are mobile and can be here-today-gone-tomorrow; b) the damage—which even in these cases is not severe—could have come from non-military causes; and c) if the damage did come from explosives, said explosives could plausibly have been North Vietnamese shells and unexpended missiles. Still, it would not be surprising if, by error or confusion, U.S. bombs occasionally hit non-military areas, including unmilitary dikes.

No serious evidence has been presented, or even alleged, to support the claim that the U.S. command has a deliberate policy of bombing and attempting to wreck the dike system. The best proof to the contrary is that the dike system is still intact and has suffered, even on the maximum accounting, only trivial damage. If wrecking it had been deliberate policy, it would by now be wrecked.

This whole dike flap is a cheap fraud, a North Vietnamese version of the North Korean germ warfare campaign, using dupes like Clark and Fonda as transmitters. And in this case we may add: What would be so wrong about bombing the dikes anyway? The North Vietnamese hydraulic system of rivers, canals, dikes, locks, weirs etc. is its primary economic base, substructure for food and transport. No one denounced it as a war crime when in World War I and II the Allies tried to blockade Germany's food and strangle or wreck her transport; sieges and blockades have always been common stratagems of warfare. If the North Vietnamese want to guarantee the preservation of their dikes, they have an immediately available insurance policy: Let them order their troops to stop their aggression and come home.

Democrats for Nixon

Of all who, silently, at night,
Proclaim they'd rather switch than fight,
Few please the party mastodon
Like James and Elliott and John

Achilles changing sides at Troy
Or Moses going for a goy
Just hint at the phenomenon
Of James and Elliott and John.

High up above the rainbow where
She pickets on the golden stair,
I bet you Eleanor turns on
With James and Elliott and John.

W. H. VON DREELE

How To Pick a Veep

With tidal inevitability, a public clamor for reform of the electoral college and of the method of choosing the candidate for Vice President waxes every election year, only to fall back shortly after election day into another four years' ebb. In 1968 the electoral college got special attention because of the supposed threat of the Wallace Third Party candidacy. This year, because of the Eagleton caper, it is the turn of the vice presidential selection process, and dozens of proposals for its revision and reform are currently being launched.

Undoubtedly, our method of picking a vice presidential candidate does seem odd, arbitrary and undemocratic, and is most certainly different from what the Fathers had in mind when they drew up Article II, Section 1, Para. Two. But it does not follow that there is any workable alternative which would be less odd and arbitrary and at the same time capable of rendering better service to the public weal.

Bemused in this case by the utopian strand in their Enlightenment heritage, the Fathers devised the original text (subsequently replaced by the Twelfth Amendment) governing selection of both President and Vice President on the Platonic assumption that New World politics could and would operate without political parties (or "factions," as the Fathers called them). President and Vice President were to be, simply, the citizens highest and next highest in the esteem of their countrymen. But of course parties and factions formed themselves as soon as the new nation's political process got moving when the unchallenged first Father of his country retired. The awkward and unacceptable result was a President (John Adams) and a Vice President (Thomas Jefferson) at each other's throats.

The political process was thereafter stylized along natural lines, organized into parties, factions and caucuses. The two national elective candidates became "the slate" *of* a party, to be presented to the voters as a package: the chief executive and his standby interim successor.

In substance our "presidential system" is, or at any rate has been since Lincoln's Administration, what the older political philosophers called an elective monarchy. It is natural and usual that the monarch should choose his successor, within the framework of the rules: He is naming his deputy, who will take command in an emergency until the next prescribed assembly of the people—that is, for us, the next regular four-year presidential election. But the candidate for monarch does not in reality make his choice of interim successor arbitrarily or from personal whim. In the fight for delegates to the party convention and at the convention itself a working majority has been solidified. The winning presidential candidate is both leader and creature of the majority bloc. His selection of vice presidential candidate takes into account the wishes and demands of those who have brought about his own nomination, and must further have in mind the effect of the choice on both his party and the electorate as a whole.

On analysis, thus, our method of picking vice presi-

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dential candidates is not in reality nearly so odd and arbitrary as it superficially seems. It is, rather, a natural enough (though not the only conceivable) consequence of, 1) an elective-monarchical system, and 2) the way politics actually functions. It seems unlikely that any of the procedural reforms now being talked about would bring any substantial change in practice.

It is worth noting that the vice presidential selection process hasn't been working out too badly when it comes to its one serious function of providing the interim successor. Consider the record in this century: Theodore Roosevelt for William McKinley; Calvin Coolidge for Warren Harding; Harry Truman for a Franklin Roosevelt sunk into senility; and even Lyndon Johnson for a glamorous but unproven John F. Kennedy.

Soldiers by Choice

The volunteer army is about to become reality, thereby redeeming one of President Nixon's campaign pledges of 1968. "Redeeming," however, in its own special way, that is, on three conditions: passage by Congress of the Uniformed Services Special Pay Act of 1972; a sufficient number of volunteers; and . . . the President's *re*-election (the *Washington Post*, not altogether implausibly, has suggested a political motive in the timing of the announcement). The present draft law expires next June 30 and the President's commitment is not to ask for an extension.

The concept of the volunteer army has long been advocated by both Left and Right (and also denounced, though then it is usually called "mercenary"), and we shall see now which speculations were correct. Will the Army become mostly black? All political? Go on strike against unpopular/white/civilian control? Will the taxpayers be willing to pay on a continuing basis the wages necessary to attract volunteers or will politicians promise successively to reduce the size of the expensive military in order to reduce the budget or make funds available for "social services"? Might a volunteer (i.e., mercenary) army become a pretorian guard making and unmaking Presidents? And if the army were mostly black, would that be such a bad thing? Or would "white" America lose interest in the elaborate training of Army personnel, and what would that do to the quality of the American defense?

And that, of course, is the prime concern: America's defense. The individual's freedom is also fundamental, but not an unrestricted absolute; it cannot preclude, for example, wartime drafting. Nor, argue some from democratic premises, should it preclude peacetime drafting, that being the only way a particular, desirable character of the Army (its democratic non-professionalism) can be preserved. President Nixon's institution of the lottery in draft calls was beneficial not because it substituted chance for intelligent decision but because it quelled a growing protest movement against the American military and the operations it was engaged in. The volunteer army, however ideologically or politically motivated, may be judged by the same criterion, its contribution to the common defense which is, after all, a prerequisite to all American freedoms.

The Ninth Circle?

Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn's undelivered but now published Nobel Prize speech combines a classic defense of creative literature with a powerful attack upon conditions in the Soviet Union and a pessimistic vision of the future of civilization. Solzhenitsyn conceives of the role of the writer in grand terms, reminiscent of Sidney or Shelley: "And literature conveys irrefutable condensed experience in yet another invaluable direction, namely from generation to generation. Thus it becomes the living memory of the nation. Thus it preserves and kindles within itself the flame of her spent history in a form which is safe from distortion and slander. In this way literature together with language protects the soul of the nation."

But in the Soviet Union, says Solzhenitsyn, speaking from experience, the writer inhabits something like Dante's inferno: "Prison sentences of 25 years, isolation cells where the walls are covered with ice and the prisoners stripped to their underclothes, lunatic asylums for the sane, and countless unreasonable people, who for some reason will keep running away, shot on the frontiers—all this is common and accepted."

Facing this "barbarism," maintains Solzhenitsyn, the civilized world exhibits "the spirit of Munich," which he describes as follows: "I even venture to say that the Spirit of Munich prevails in the twentieth century. The timid civilized world has found nothing with which to oppose the onslaught of a sudden revival of barefaced barbarity other than concessions and smiles."

Reform the Olympics

The action taken by the International Olympic Committee in expelling Rhodesia from the Munich Games tends to support the view that the Olympic Games are an anachronism, the degree to which they are one being precisely indicated by the hypocrisies that pervade them.

Item: Last winter the great Austrian skier Karl Schranz was bounced from the Sapporo alpine events because of "professionalism." Yet everyone knew that the other European stars, who were permitted to compete, are every bit as professional as Schranz: They too make a living by ski racing; they too endorse products and so on. The only effect of the Olympic rules is to promote fakery and subterfuge.

Item: The same Olympic officials have nothing to say about the fact that Soviet competitors, and those from some of the other Communist countries, are also full-

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time professionals—employees of the state, which pays them to compete.

Item: And now we have the farcical ban on Rhodesia, the Olympic Committee supporting the position of Uganda, Kenya and other members of the Organization of African States that such action is justified, nay, obligatory because of Rhodesian racism. Uganda, of course, even as it was making this case, was also expelling and otherwise persecuting its substantial Asian minority; Kenya is generally expected to follow suit. And numerous other members of the OAS have recently engaged in various kinds of ethnically motivated strife and bloodshed. The Olympic Committee, supposedly a bastion of amateurism, bowed to the threat of a boycott—and the prospect of reduced gate receipts.

The contradictions in the Olympic situation thus are egregious. One solution might be to recognize that the modern Games have become a colossal and inevitably commercial spectacle, and to conduct them straightforwardly on an "open" basis, as in tennis and golf, admitting all qualified athletes from anywhere—amateurs, pros and the ambiguous cases in between—and letting them cash in in any honest manner they might choose. This might even have the effect of depoliticizing the Games. The presence of South Africa's Cliff Drysdale does not threaten any tennis tournament, nor does Gary Player occasion disruption in golf, and it is doubtful that the Olympic viewers would have rioted if the great (and black) Rhodesian runner, Bernard Dzoma, had been permitted to compete at Munich. The worst hypocrisies would thus be eliminated, and the Games preserved as the magnificent spectacle they actually are.

Chilean Notes

The pot boils faster. With 150,000 small merchants on strike, and hundreds of thousands more angry housewives banging on empty pots, Allende had to declare a state of emergency and—for the first time in his presidency—call upon the army for help. That made him look weak; his threat, hastily withdrawn, to seize the shopkeepers' businesses en masse made him look a fool. Though the revolt subsided, the causes remain: food shortages, price controls, inflation, universal uncertainty about the economic future (or rather, certainty that things are bound to grow worse). The middle classes are angrier than ever.

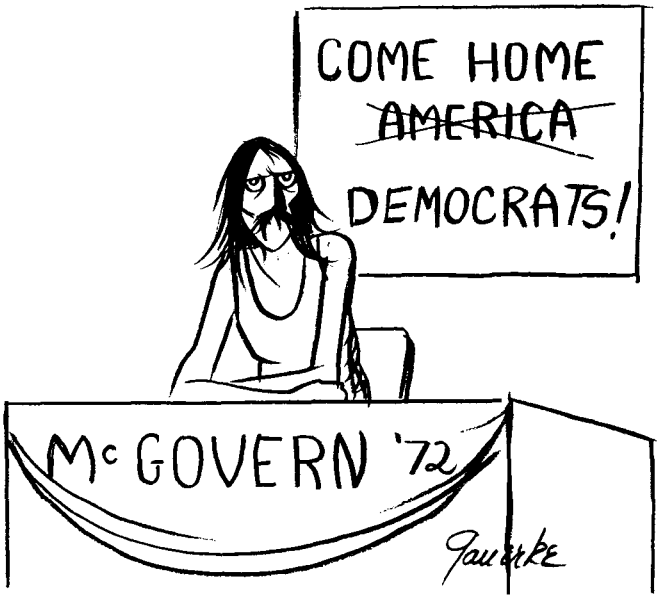
And Allende is having trouble with his beloved proletariat. After several slum-dwellers led by a notorious Mirista were jailed for seizing the governor's office in a Santiago suburb, other slum-dwellers took over a public square, erected barricades and demanded the release of the prisoners. The affair ended with a police sweep in which a man was killed, sixty were injured and 160 jailed. The day of the dead man's funeral, Allende went to the slum and launched into his set tirade: "I have come here because all my life I have been on the side of the workers, in their hours of misery and in their moments of anguish. . . . The day I stop being able to talk to the workers, that very same day my political career will have ended." After more of the same, an angry voice demanded that Allende shut up and "keep his promises to the people." Others took up the cry; Allende could not make himself heard, and beat an undignified retreat. It is interesting that the man who interrupted Allende was no MIR revolutionary, but Daniel Moore, a Communist Party member. Evidently the Communists, while playing the moderate role, are not above stirring up trouble for Allende to strengthen their own hand.

Shortly after, Santiago had its own Greenwich Village bomb accident: A detonator went off in the home of Socialist Fernando Marcos, blinding him and a girl in both eyes, and severely injuring others, including two Uruguayan "sociologists" who turned out to be escaped Tupamaros. Apparently the group was trying to manufacture bombs, suggesting that the far Left plans to launch a campaign of urban terror.

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

To the best of my knowledge, the "famous occasion" was not in the Thirties, but rather March 1916. The setting was not the Oxford Union debate (Strachey, a lifelong Cambridge man, was terrified of speaking in public), but rather the Hampstead Tribunal, which was hearing appeals from conscientious objectors. Finally, both your question and answer are inaccurate ["New Thoughts on



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Abortion," "On the Right," August 5] according to the Holroyd biography.

Lytton Strachey never had a wife, and from his singular appearance in court that evening—sitting on a light blue air cushion (which he himself had solemnly inflated) to alleviate his discomfort from hemorrhoids and with his tartan traveling rug arranged carefully about his knees—it seems likely that no one there would have expected him to.

Military representative: "I understand, Mr. Strachey, that you have a conscientious objection to all wars."

"Oh, no," came the piercing, high-pitched reply. "Not at all. Only this one."

"Then tell me, Mr. Strachey, what would you do if you saw a German soldier attempting to rape your sister?"

Lytton looked at Elinor, Marjorie and Pernel and then answered gravely: "I should try and interpose my own body."

This account suggests somewhat more specifically, don't you agree, what was passing through his devious mind.

I do not mean to say, of course, that all this invalidates the main point of your column. What I do mean to say is that when someone from whom we automatically expect verbal precision and polish quotes someone else who was equally noted for these qualities, the result we quite naturally hope for is more of an intensification than a diminution of verbal precision and polish.

I remain, nonetheless,

Roger Austen
Seattle, Wash.

■ Mr. Buckley:

Having seen you yesterday evening at the taping of *Firing Line* re abortion and Ellsberg Papers, I feel inspired to confide to you that my world has been shaken by your charismatic appearance. To be brief, said appearance has resurrected my mad, monstrous hunger for POWER. Tell me, oh do, dearest Buckley, however can I get where you are today? Inform me of the whereabouts of those sweet vehicles of transportation, which shall fling me smack-dab into the middle of the Public Eye. I have written extensively re abortion, but been in print fewer than ten times. I have done the show-business gig: comedy routines—très magnifique, singing—yuk-ee-poo. Have begun but not completed memoirs (incomplete due to excessive discouragement from circle of peers, who think me not ancient enough to have memories about which to write memoirs). Have written a play re abortion pressure put on unwed mothers, which will be produced at Loyola University in the fall. Have been on television, uh, lessee, twelve times. But still no POWER! Am going to run for Assembly seat in two years, but already know will lose, as I am only Catholic-Republican in a Jewish-Democrat district. Only hope is my sex and age. Yours,

Deborah A. Wiggins
West Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Miss Wiggins: I have thought and thought about it, and I am at a loss as to what to recommend. Yours cordially, —*WFB*

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

In the introduction to your interview in the June 1970 issue of *Playboy* the magazine states that you, at the age of six, wrote the King of England that it was "high time" the English repayed American loans in WWI.

My grandfather made the remark that you must have been quite an ass in your early age. My comment on the subject was that this was an extremely laudable effort demonstrating good sense. Who is right? Sincerely,

John Prpich
Washington, Ill.

Dear Mr. Prpich: At age six, one is too young to be an ass. That came later. Sincerely, —*WFB*

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

You make me sick! I've never heard a person I'd like to shut up as much as I would you. If you saw yourself, as many do, your leer, sneer and malicious grin, if you had any sense, you'd take yourself off TV.

Didn't your nanny tell you as a child not to interrupt someone that is talking? Do you ever listen? Do you ever let anyone finish a statement without pushing your obnoxious self in? You are really a perfect example of a spoiled creature of the rich and in-bred.

If it wasn't for the great guests you have, for sure you wouldn't have a program. If you would listen more to people like Ellsberg, Galbraith etc. you could learn a lot and be of greater service and utilize your time on TV for better things.

Take some of your excess money and buy yourself a TV station. Respectfully,

Jean Rosenberg
Farmington, Mich.

Dear Miss Rosenberg: I've done that. What shall I do next? Cordially, —*WFB*

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

The "convincer in my decision" to get a boob tube and a lifetime subscription to *NR* is John R. Owen's (of Phoenix, Arizona) aside Note of August 18, p. 891. I too want to see "Editor Bill Buckley on TV with his seedy-looking Schickelgruber-Beatnik hairdo and sloppy-collared shirts, along with a retinue of whiney-snively-militant-sodomite-looking punks." It turns me on.

And will Mr. Owen be kind enough to point to all "the four-letter toilet wall and gutter language in *NR*"? It would save me many nitpicking hours. Thank You-all Very Much,

Dinah Tritsch
New York, N.Y.

Dear Miss Tritsch: Thank you-*all very much.* —**WFB**

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Why Not Some Yankee Trading?

NOW THAT he has sewn up the Nobel Prize, it looks as if Mr. Nixon is out after a Lenin Medal, or at least a Hero of Soviet Labor citation, for Stakhanovite performance in socialist construction. He is going to ship a billion dollars' worth of the grain that the Communist regime is unable to produce to feed its subjects. He has authorized U.S. firms to erect a huge factory complex to turn out the thousands of trucks they desperately need. He is arranging to supply advanced computers, chemical and synthetic fabrics plants, computerized machine tools, and many another means of production that the Communists have not got around to providing for themselves. Plans are afoot for a multibillion-dollar application of U.S. techniques and equipment to development of Siberian oil and gas fields.

After 55 years of freedom from the shackles of capitalist exploitation, the Soviet regime achieves the biggest grain deficit in the history of any country ever, and the President of the United States will bail it out. Experience has shown that in general Communist regimes cannot produce enough food. Russia itself and most of its East European satellites were grain surplus nations in their pre-Communist days. But year after year the Communist spokesmen denounce the frightful weather—drought one year, floods the next; too cold this winter and too hot that; epidemics, pests, plagues. And the record does prove that in Communized countries the weather is almost always very bad for agriculture: the political weather, that is. Under a Communist regime, farmers and farm workers do not have interest, incentive or the suitable infrastructure to lead them to grow enough food. The Soviet Union needs such a pile of wheat this year, we are told, because the crop in the Ukraine (the Soviet breadbasket) and the northern Caucasus was ruined by too open a winter. As it happens, the Ukraine and northern Caucasus have been prominent scenes of nationalist dissent during this past year.

Selling the Rope To Hang Us?

If these plans and projects are carried through, we may be certain of at least one consequence: The Soviet state and its Communist regime will thereby be much strengthened. How much net benefit, if any, will accrue to the Soviet peoples is obscure. But about the strengthening of the regime—the *Communist* regime—there can be no doubt.

The inability of Communist regimes to feed their subjects, by now notorious, is a significant source of discontent on the part of the subjects and of resultant weakness in the regime. If the food situation is improved, the discontent is lessened, and the regime gets the primary credit in the eyes of the masses. Transport, especially road transport, has always been a major Soviet weakness. Without U.S. trucks Hitler would have won the Nazi-Soviet war. A modernized, functioning truck industry will become "a proof of the superiority of Communism."

Is it really to the American interest to strengthen the Soviet state and its Communist regime?

What can we expect to get in return? That has not been made clear by the negotiations so far. There isn't much in the way of raw materials and even less in manufactured goods that we need from the Soviet Union. There is talk about oil and gas, but that is in a future both distant and problematic. To make the projects possible we will be extending massive, easy and long-term credits. How will those credits be repaid? By shipment of fifty thousand or so Jews at the Kremlin's new price range of $10,000 to $35,000 a head?

These deals will make our farmers happy by ridding them of a lot of surplus grain so that they can continue the subsidized production of more surpluses. And the deals will provide profitable contracts, guaranteed in effect by the U.S. Treasury, for truck and machinery and chemical and engineering and other U.S. businesses.

It would be silly to suppose that the U.S. farmers and businessmen who are or hope to be concerned will shy away from such seductions. Our business and political leaders will rationalize their behavior with the belly-Communism theory that a well-fed Communist is a friendly Communist and a more prosperous Soviet Union, a gentler Soviet Union, and they will not bother reviewing the history of Persia, Athens, Rome, Germany, Japan or the Soviet Union to test their comforting assumption. From a monetary point of view the twentieth-century U.S. economy in any case seems to require recurrent giveaways to keep going. Moreover, there is something to the argument that if we don't supply the Soviets, someone else will.

From the point of view of American national interest, the economics of this operation are dubious, the strategy is dangerous, and the morality is suspect. As the deal stands we are on the short end. There is a way, however, by which it might be brought closer to balance.

To Even the Balance

The Kremlin badly wants these economic assists, and wants also the various concessions on the armament and political fronts. If we can't translate all the sums into dollars and rubles, why not demand part of the payment in political acts by the Kremlin that would be of solid, undeniable benefit to us, to the peace we seek in the world, and, for a bonus, to the peoples of the Soviet Union and its satellite nations?

For example, our representatives from the President down could in every negotiation ask specific measures to *open up* Soviet society. Steps toward unrestricted entry and exit to and from the Soviet Union and the other East European nations of persons, books, periodicals, radio and TV would be a good and powerful starter. The closedness of Communist society—spiritual, intellectual, political, economic—is a principal reason why the Soviet Union is a threat to non-Communist nations and a horror to its subjects. Opening it up would be the most promising of auguries for both peace and decency. Why shouldn't the President put proposals along these opening-up lines into his negotiating pot? In the longer run it could even prove good for business. □

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SLANTED NEWS?

That many people think the Times *is biased, there can be no doubt. The authors offer facts and figures to suggest that things on 43rd Street aren't as bad as they seem*

Is It True What They Say about the New York Times?

JOHN C. OTTINGER & PATRICK D. MAINES

TIM KNIGHT: *Are you the managing editor of the greatest newspaper in the world?*

A. M. ROSENTHAL: *Without a doubt.*
Behind the Lines,
WNET, New York,
Feb. 21, 1972

CONSERVATIVES have long dismissed the *New York Times* as a hopeless hotbed of liberalism, biased beyond redemption and therefore not to be taken too seriously. The Vice President, of course, has classified it as only slightly less left-leaning than the television networks. Late in 1969, he charged it with blatant news bias because its early edition—the one he reads in Washington—didn't consider "fit to print" an account of a letter endorsing the Nixon Vietnam policy signed by no less than 59 senators and three hundred representatives. (The *Times* did cover the story in its Late City Edition, as it later informed the Vice President. But the impression was there, and he had relayed it to the country.)

Other conservative leaders have been equally vocal. In *The Conscience of a Majority* Barry Goldwater accused the *Times* of publishing a "100 per cent false" story during the 1964 campaign, springing from a famed but discredited CBS telecast imputing connections between Goldwater and neo-Nazi groups in Germany. In a speech early this year, L. Patrick Gray III, now Acting FBI Director, suggested that "subtle bias may have been at work" when the *Times* ran a photo of then Assistant Attorney General Robert C. Mardian, shown conferring with Attorney General John Mitchell, and identified Mardian as

ITT's Washington vice president, William R. Merriam. This "made it appear that the Justice Department and ITT were in cahoots with each other." As recently as May, Kenneth W. Clawson, Deputy Director of Communications for the White House, attacked the *Times* as "a conduit of enemy propaganda to the American people," in connection with the later-contradicted report that the North Vietnamese had swept Haiphong harbor clean of American mines.

NATIONAL REVIEW itself has raised a questioning eyebrow at the *Times*' "objectivity" at least three times in the past two-and-a-half years. In May 1970, *NR* pointed out, the *Times* described Kent State University, pre-shootings, as a relative enclave of tranquility—disregarding enough SDS-inspired riots and breakings and enterings in 1969 to fill 167 pages of a House Internal Security Committee report. In October 1971, *NR* reported, a *Times* head showed that "A Survey of Youth Puts Lindsay in Front of Nixon," relegating to the body of the story the figures which put Senators Muskie and Kennedy far ahead of Lindsay. And in February of this year, *NR* caught the *Times* "managing the news" by suppressing a wire from the North Vietnamese government again refusing to negotiate the release of American prisoners until it learned of the CIA's release of the text of what the *Times* had received but not printed. Managing Editor A. M. Rosenthal later explained the omission to *NR*'s satisfaction; but again the impression of *Times* bias had been created—and spread.

To what extent is this negative impression soundly based? If it isn't true that the *Times* leans to the left, why are so many presumably perceptive people certain that it does? It is not in the conservative interest to perpetuate that assumption if it is false, because however freely one may question various aspects of the *Times*' performance, its power is undeniable.

The *Times*, however, wields its power in various ways. In some cultural fields, it approaches near-omnipotence. A blast from the *Times*' theater critic, especially since the end of the *Herald Tribune*, can doom a Broadway play. It was written of Orville Prescott, the weekday book critic until 1965, that he was "the

Mr. Ottinger, long-time advertising executive, has worked for the Memphis Commercial Appeal *and the* New York World Telegram. *Mr. Maines is Assistant Publisher of* NR.

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terror of the book industry, an arbiter whose every approving nod could sell a thousand books," and there is no indication that his successors are any less potent. And the Sunday *New York Times Book Review*, with its far greater space and much larger circulation, is probably even more influential.

The editorial page and the Op Ed output of the columnists—Messrs. Reston, Wicker, Lewis, Sulzberger et al.—are influential but it is an influence that political activists often exaggerate. Politicians, even Presidents, pay far more attention to editorials than do average readers, millions of whom simply don't read them. The *Times*' own advertising director, according to Gay Talese, once soothed an angry advertiser by assuring him that, after all, nobody reads the editorials.

The real power of the *Times* comes from its editors' command of the most massive flow of news generated by any single medium, print or electronic, in the world. As Frederick T. Birchall, long-time managing editor, said nearly sixty years ago, "Let me control the headlines and I shall not care who controls the editorials." It is in this area—the administration of the news—that our analysis is concerned, for this is the real power center.

Though the *Times* prints some seventy million words a year, selectivity is the sine qua non of its news editors' function. Events not rated newsworthy may not be covered or, if covered, not published. Qualitatively, there is position: A top head or three-column picture on page one is light-years ahead of similar space on page 45 in terms of readership and impact. There are the rhetorical subtleties: A turn of phrase can make a difference; an intriguing head *v.* a bland or negative one can make even more of a difference.

In this study we have picked five developing news stories in which there was a distinct right-left line: Buckley for Senator, 1970; the ABM debate and vote, 1969; the Haynsworth nomination, 1969; Agnew and the media, 1969; and the President's decision to resume the bombing of North Vietnam and to mine Haiphong harbor in May of 1972.

1: *Buckley for Senator, 1970*

Five years after William F. Buckley Jr.'s race for mayor of New York, the dramatis personae were different, but the *Times*' editorial stance was strictly déjà vu—violently negative. How then did Senator-to-be James L. Buckley fare with the arbiters of the news?

From the start the *Times* editorially backed the incumbent liberal Republican, Charles E. Goodell, but the formal endorsement indicated that the *Times* thought so much of Democratic Representative Richard L. Ottinger that it wished it could somehow support him too. The best it could accord James Buckley was that "the Conservative candidate has many engaging qualities, but . . ."

Buckley for Senator, 1970

October 1 to November 2

	Featuring Buckley	Featuring Goodell	Featuring Ottinger	Featuring 2 or 3
Number of news stories	39	30	21	35
Approx. words	23,800	25,750	11,600	34,950
News stories—page one	5	6	1	4
Approx. words	6,500	8,300	650	5,250
Pictures	16	13	12	
Pictures on page one	3	3	3	

As the campaign peaked, most of the pejorative editorial fire was concentrated on Vice President Agnew's alleged perfidy in reading Goodell out of the party, but there was plenty left for Buckley. On election eve came the final editorial bomb, "An Appeal to Fear":

> . . . for Mr. Buckley, until a week ago a temperate and engaging candidate, has at no time produced anything that could be described even charitably as a program.
>
> If Mr. Buckley were not the Conservative candidate for the U.S. Senate, one might suppose from his answers that he was a nonpartisan candidate for the school board of Grover's Corners.
>
> Our conviction remains strong that New Yorkers recognize both the emptiness of the Buckley program and the regressive nature of the policies he symbolizes.

But in news coverage, it was not Buckley who received short shrift, but Ottinger. This the quantitative scoreboard dramatically shows. For reasons which newsmen could not ignore, Buckley and Goodell simply generated bigger volumes of news: Goodell because he was the target of the Agnew "purge" and Buckley, at least in part, because he was its beneficiary. As an early October story head put it, "One of Goodell's Opponents Is Named Agnew"—and the involvement of both Washington and Albany in the Goodell-Buckley competition spawned much more copy than the Ottinger campaign did.

The newsmen—in contrast to the editorial writers—were positively cordial to Buckley. On October 1, the only campaign picture printed was a three-column one of Buckley on a walking tour, with a story politely reporting his "sharp but restrained attack on his Democratic opponent and gentle though qualified praise for his Republican opponent." Two days later, they found Buckley "at home amid cabdrivers," later stories were equally free of the dire negatives in the editorials: "Buckley Shopping for Votes on Long Island," "Buckley Stresses a U.S. Drug Role," "Buckley Focuses on Domestic Ills," "Rent Stamps for Poor Proposed by Buckley," "Long Island Gives Buckley Exuberant Greeting." When the Sierra Club and Friends of the Earth joined to accuse him of connection with an oil company said to be imperiling the Florida environment, no scare head captioned it; merely a one-line "shirt-tail" following another election story deep inside the paper, with no more than four hundred words on a subject that didn't surface again.

In stories covering a day's activities for all three, Buckley more than once got the most prominent mention. On October 15, for example:

> As Senator Charles E. Goodell and Representative Richard L. Ottinger . . . took their campaigns to plant gates and political luncheons, James L. Buckley, the Conservative contender, held a sidewalk news conference to charge that the government of Turkey has deceived

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the United States about its efforts to control the production of opium. . . .

There followed three more Buckley paragraphs, including the report of a "tumultuous ovation from more than three thousand supporters" at a rally, before any further mention of his two rivals.

An early October "Week in Review" roundup observed that "Mr. Buckley . . . has run a professional campaign that is winning him friends and voters all over the state." At mid-month, his campaign apparatus won a news accolade unequaled by either other camp: "Conservative Campaigners Demonstrate a Polished Expertise," ran a six-column streamer over a column-and-a-half story, with five photos of campaign manager F. Clifton White and his chief aides.

As election day neared, *Times* headlines helped notably to reflect and enhance the rising Conservative optimism: "Buckley Predicts a Triumph for Silent Majority," "Buckley Is Optimistic," "Buckley Supported by . . . Principals and Others in City Schools," "Buckley Buoyed by Westchester." And on the morning of election day, the *Times*' lead story declared that Buckley might win by a 300,000 to 400,000 vote margin over Ottinger, with Goodell a weak third.

Our comparative analysis ends there. Clearly, in the 1970 campaign, *Times*' news coverage did no visible disservice to the Conservative cause.

II: *ABM and the Senate, 1969*

When it comes to appraising news treatment of issues rather than candidates, analysis becomes more complex. Fewer stories, as a rule, can be clearly put on one side or the other, and the nuances are sometimes difficult to pinpoint. But this was not the case when we analyzed coverage of the final fifteen days of the battle in the Senate over the Administration's plan for the Safeguard antiballistic missile system in midsummer of 1969. The *Times*' editorial position was strongly in opposition. Such, in this case, was the thrust of the news too.

On July 24, page one headlined, impartially enough, "ABM Fight Taken to Senate Floor," but from then on through the crucial two weeks, the opposition dominated the news, despite the fact that the sides could hardly have been more evenly matched. On July 30 a three-column photo of Senator Jacob K. Javits and Representatives Ogden Reid and Jonathan Bingham, opponents all. Next day, a long story recounted the Foreign Relations Committee's sympathetic viewing of a "top-secret" General Electric film reportedly confirming the "ineffectiveness" of the proposed system. The drumbeating for the opposition accelerated on August 4 with a page one story that ran nearly two columns ("Industries Linked to an Ad for ABM"), based on a two-month-old newspaper ad. "The defense industries were well-represented among the signers . . . promoting the Nixon Administration's antiballistic missile defense proposal," the *Times* "revealed," pointing out that 55 of the 344 signers had "defense industry associations," fourteen were "directors or officers or lawyers for companies doing ABM work." As a sidebar, a "man in the news" profile paid tribute to the "Leader of the ABM Foes," Senator John Sherman Cooper.

On August 6, the opposition got bigger headlines than ever with "A Complete Ban on ABM Sought by Senator [Margaret Chase] Smith," with a four-column photo of three more senatorial ABM foes.

On that day came the Senate vote, duly reported next morning: "Nixon Missile Plan Wins in Senate by a 51 to 50 Vote," ending that phase of the battle. The news editors this time show themselves to be sharply one-sided, even making due allowance for the fact that the offensive in any situation generally makes more noise and generates more news than the defensive.

ABM and the Senate, 1969

July 24 to August 6

	Emphasis anti-ABM	Emphasis pro-ABM	Emphasis approximately even
Number of news stories	7	0	6
Approx. words	8,650	0	4,600
News stories—page one	4	0	2
Approx. words	5,450	0	2,050
Pictures	4	0	2
Pictures on page one	2	0	0

III: *The Haynsworth Case, 1969*

Another case in which the opposition had a built-in newsmaking advantage was the Senate fight over the confirmation for the Supreme Court of Judge Clement F. Haynsworth. For this analysis, we covered the five weeks leading up to the final vote in November, as reasonably representative of the *Times*' coverage of the whole affair.

On October 19, the Sunday "Week in Review" summed up the case with relative evenhandedness:

> What was not anticipated was the steadily unfolding list of discoveries that Mr. Haynsworth, as a judge of the United States Court of Appeals, had heard and ruled on several cases in which he appeared to have a personal financial interest.
>
> Some of the charges hastily leveled . . . by headstrong Democrats turned out to be shoddy, unsubstantial or just plain wrong . . . but not all of them did.

Two days later, a page one story, followed inside by his news conference transcript ("Nixon Vows Help for Haynsworth till Senate Vote"), relayed the President's defense of his beleaguered appointee. But inside, under a six-column head, came "The Case against Judge Haynsworth," maintaining that "almost all the senators with these objections are focusing their statements on the ethical matters, side-stepping the troublesome question of whether the Senate has a right to disapprove a presidential nominee just because it disagrees with his political philosophy."

On October 25 came a rare news break in Haynsworth's favor, albeit back on page twenty, as he won an endorsement from sixteen past presidents of the American Bar Association, and was endorsed the second time by the

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ABA's Committee on the Federal Judiciary (but, the *Times* noted, this time not unanimously).

From then on, almost every Haynsworth headline signaled more ammunition for the opposition. A three-column picture of leaders of the black National Bar Association stressed their antipathy. November 1 brought a forecast of a losing battle, as page one displayed a *Times* poll of prospective Senate votes (only 34 for Haynsworth). The story of the debate, when it finally opened, was more in balance. Senator James B. Pearson, hitherto uncommitted, announced his vote for confirmation as "representative of the will of the people of Kansas." Nebraska's Senator Roman Hruska stressed that "philosophy, not ethics, is the real controversy." Tennessee's Howard H. Baker reported a national poll by Chilton Research showing 44 per cent of respondents for Haynsworth, only 24 per cent against, the rest undecided.

But for the most part, the negatives continued: "Idahoan [Senator Len B. Jordan] Opposes Haynsworth," "Two Senators Split on Haynsworth," "Harvard Law Professors Oppose Haynsworth in Poll," "Three More Senators Oppose Haynsworth."

So it went up to the day of the final losing decision. Seemingly, one side of the issue was deemed substantially more newsworthy. But allowance must be made for the fact that the opposition, in the nature of things, was creating a substantially larger number of news breaks.

IV: *Agnew and the Networks, 1969*

With the Haynsworth drama still on stage, November 1969 brought another and sterner test of journalistic balance: Vice President Agnew's indictment of the television networks and the storm that followed. As the Vice President well knew, he was invading sensitive territory: No one, not even a politician, is more thin-skinned in the face of criticism than a journalist. The *Times* editorial was quite predictable:

> In his far-reaching attack on the national television networks, Vice President Agnew has exacerbated the division among the people of this country over the Administration's Vietnam policies and at the same time has undermined the basic principle of freedom of speech on the airwaves. . . .

But in the news columns, as the argument with the networks was joined, the picture was by no means as one-sided. The day after the Agnew text was printed, there was more *Times* news emphasis in its favor than against it. From Washington, "Romney Applauds Stand," which was echoed by Senator Hugh Scott. From New York, "Agnew Criticism of TV Is Backed By Most Callers"—reporting 28,000 phone calls to the networks, more than sixteen thousand pro Agnew. Elements of concurrence were reported from even Walter Cronkite ("I have found myself in agreement with Vice President Agnew on some points. First is the tremendous power concentration in a few media hands in New York. . . .") and Howard K. Smith ("I think Mr. Agnew had some good points, but I disagree with him about intent"). Cronkite and Smith, of course, both denied that the networks were irresponsible.

On the second day, the page one emphasis still inclined toward Agnew. Clark Mollenhoff affirmed that the Vice President had reflected the President's views, though both Herbert Klein and Ronald Ziegler said the speech itself was entirely Agnew's. That day's negatives were all in an inside-page story which itself carried many pros. Among the cons, predictably, the ACLU's Executive Director, John Pemberton; Sigma Delta Chi, the journalists' fraternity; former FCC Chairman Newton Minow, this time on TV's side. Eric Sevareid, in a speech at Phoenix College, opined that if television newsmen used the "invective, epithets and demagoguery the Vice President has recently resorted to," they "would soon be off the air." But against these, the story quoted the strong approvals of Senators Scott and Goldwater, New York's Democratic Representative Samuel S. Stratton, Governors Reagan and Maddox and FCC Chairman Dean Burch. In more specific terms, David Schoenbrun, former CBS bureau chief in Paris and Washington, was cited as agreeing with the Vice President's attack on the networks' "instant analysis" of the President's speech on Vietnam, November 3, and saying that he saw no reason for a major event to be analyzed five seconds after it happened.

The following Sunday's "Week in Review" took the editorial-page line. But Jack Gould, the *Times*' eminent television critic, put the argument into calmer perspective by pointing out that, irrespective of the current brouhaha, "rules for covering news" do "differ from radio and TV" and that because of their federally licensed status, broadcasters cannot enjoy the same degree of freedom guaranteed to the print media by the First Amendment. And columnist Reston helped to contribute a respite:

> . . . he ought to be included in the catalog of good news. He isn't going to intimidate the press; even Lyndon Johnson couldn't do that, and he was an expert. At least the Vice President says something and gives the commentators something to write about. Maybe the networks should relax and be grateful.

Next day's front page expanded the Agnew theme as it quoted Herbert Klein's call (on CBS' *Face the Nation*) to all media to re-examine both "format" and "approaches to the news." The day after, Ziegler made page one with a disavowal that the Administration had any "desire to censor the news." So did FCC Commissioner Nicholas Johnson, who simultaneously castigated Agnew for having "frightened network executives and newsmen in ways that may cause serious harm to independent journalism" and praised

The Haynsworth Case, 1969

October 21 to November 21

	Emphasis pro-Haynsworth	Emphasis anti-Haynsworth	Emphasis neutral or mixed
Number of news stories	6	11	7
Approx. words	8,650	10,050	6,600
News stories—page one	2	2	1
Approx. words	2,750	2,850	1,300
Pictures	2	4	0

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him for bringing the tactics of TV news coverage to the public's attention.

The anti-Agnew viewpoint got another airing ("Editor Says Nixon Seeks To Muzzle News Media") in an outburst from the *Louisville Courier-Journal*'s Norman Isaacs, President of the American Society of Newspaper Editors. But Isaacs also conceded a "germ of truth" in the charge that Washington and New York dominate the news and that there are "arrogant" publishers who "shrug away protests about errors and misstatements."

Herb Klein stayed in the news as the *Times* gave full treatment to his New York speech to the International Radio and Television Society, expressing hope that when "the passion" died down, the questions would be "looked at coolly."

Clearly, whatever the stated biases of the editorial page during the first wordy week of Agnew *v.* the Networks, they were by no means echoed in the emphasis of the *Times*' news columns. In fact, in purely quantitative terms they seem to have favored the Vice President's point of view by more than three to one.

V: *The Mining of the Ports, 1972*

There are few more striking opportunities to compare *Times* editorial opinion and *Times* news coverage than that provided by the President's decision on May 8 to mine the ports and bomb the railroads of North Vietnam.

The editorial page reached high frenzy, assailing "Mr. Nixon's Brinkmanship" as "rash and precipitate action" which "only the gravest threat to the security of the United States could justify," and calling on Congress for immediate counteraction to "save the President from himself and the nation from disaster." But on the Op Ed page, James Reston took the calmer view:

> Maybe, at this solemn hour, it may be more useful to concentrate on his peace terms rather than on his war plans. He has been more specific this time than ever before.
>
> President Nixon . . . tough as he sounded, gave Hanoi, Moscow and Peking a more realistic basis for compromise than ever before, and at least his new peace proposals should be tested before his risky military maneuvers create a world crisis.

Except for the rarely used eight-column, three-line banner the first day and the gargantuan quantity of copy given the story, the *Times*' news editors faced the crisis with even more equanimity. At no time in the first week, even in the initial excitement, did they fall into the technical error of calling the action a blockade, except in quotation marks. The instant reflexes from the Democratic presidential hopefuls and other liberals were balanced with approval from such senators as Griffin, Goldwater, Buckley and even Democrat Gale McGee ("under the conditions there was no alternative").

The second day's main head struck an upbeat "Nixon Hopes His Vietnam Move Won't Prevent Trip to Moscow," captioning three stories: Kissinger's elaboration of the President's stand, the day's military action in North Vietnam, and the playback from the Hanoi delegation in Paris. The outcries from the Senate Democratic caucus were relayed at length, too—but back on page nineteen. The story reported "cries for the impeachment of the President" from New York Representatives Bella Abzug and William F. Ryan—but in the 25th paragraph of a 26-paragraph item. Farther back still was the round-up of European criticism, but tempered by the British Foreign Office statement that "countermeasures by the United States were, in the circumstances, inevitable."

In his "news analysis" of the day, Max Frankel even voiced guarded optimism:

> Mr. Nixon is switching attention from a war he was losing to a confrontation in which he feels himself more evenly matched. And, thus far at least, he hopes to manage that confrontation by indirect means, with a relatively low level of military risk, so as to gain time for diplomatic maneuver.
>
> While the United States implants its delayed-action mines in Haiphong harbor and while the Russians try to circumvent or even to disarm the mines, there will be ample time for Soviet-American consultation. . . .

But Frankel realistically warned—much as did NATIONAL REVIEW in its next issue (May 26)—that "neither the American carrot nor the Soviet stick seems likely to suffice to persuade Hanoi to entrust its fate to the major powers. Having felt betrayed by the Russians and Chinese, as well as Americans, after the 1954 partition of Vietnam, the survivors of that experience will not lightly agree to a new partition along altered lines."

Agnew and the Networks, 1969

November 14 to 20

	Emphasis pro-Agnew	Emphasis anti-Agnew	Emphasis approximately even
Number of news stories	10	5	8
Approx. words	15,150	4,450	10,450
News stories—page one	5	1	0
Approx. words	7,300	900	0

Next day, Thursday, was the only day that week when the antiwar protests made page one. But with no sensationalism: a low-key story and picture tucked in the lower left corner. The main stories were on Secretary Laird's laconic elaboration ("We will take those actions that are necessary to stop the supplies. . . ."), and on the Vietcong's rejection of the peace proposal. The news from all the protests combined occupied less than two columns, most of the space on inside pages.

On Friday, the main page one head flashed the ritual Soviet demand that the "blockade" (carefully in quotes) be lifted, along with Trade Minister Patolichev's display of bonhommie at the White House. Protests were spreading from coast to coast, and the *Times* published a layout of four pictures and two column-long stories. But all this again was downplayed—on page twenty-one.

The weekend found the big multi-column heads—and indeed the issue itself—gone from page one, except for a small story from Paris: "Tho Spurns Nixon Plan, But Would Resume Talks." The rest of the related front-page news was spot material on air raids northeast of Hanoi, on the evacuation of civilians from the capital, and on the continuing deadlock at Anloc. Protest

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Does Your City Recycle Garbage?

Location	Separation System	Estimated Annual Can Recovery*	Markets
Amarillo, Texas	after incineration	50 million	copper mines
Atlanta, Georgia	after incineration	100 million	ferroalloys
Chicago, Illinois	after incineration	730 million	copper mines
Franklin, Ohio	slurry system	30 million	steel making
Houston, Texas	dry separation at a transfer station	104-130 million	copper mines
Los Gatos, Cal.	after shredding, before incineration	120 million	copper mines
Madison, Wisc.	after shredding	38-41 million	steel making/ copper mines
Martinez (Contra Costa County), Cal.	portable separator at landfill	80 million	copper mines
Melrose Pk., Ill.	after incineration	83 million	copper mines
New Castle County, Delaware	after shredding	312-500 million	detinners/ steel making
Oakland, Cal.	portable separator at landfill	182 million	copper mines
Pompano Beach, Fla.	after shredding	35 million	to be established
Sacramento, Cal.	portable separator at landfill	74 million	copper mines
St. Louis, Mo.	after shredding, before incineration	260 million	pilot operation
St. Petersburg, Fla.	segregated by householders before magnetic separation	3 million	detinners
Stickney, Ill.	after incineration	84 million	steel making
Tampa, Fla.	after incineration	104 million	steel making/ copper mines

*Data supplied by municipalities or estimates based on 4% of total garbage less 20% for incinerator loss. Source: Survey by American Iron and Steel Institute as of mid-1972.

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From Amarillo to Tampa, forward-looking communities are using magnetic separation to recover an estimated 2½ billion used Steel cans annually.

By the end of 1973, eleven more will join the list: Brevard County and Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.; Framingham, Mass.; Harrisburg, Pa.; Hempstead, N. Y.; Milford and Newington, Conn.; San Francisco and San Diego, Cal.; Scottsdale, Ariz.; Vancouver, Wash. That will add another 1.5 billion cans recovered simply and easily.

People in these communities become ecologists and conservationists when they buy beverages and other products in steel cans . . . and simply throw the empties into their kitchen garbage pails. Thanks to steel's magnetic quality, the used cans are mechanically extracted at municipal or regional landfill sites, transfer stations and incinerators. Magnetic separation saves fast disappearing landfill space and produces revenues from the sale of cans as scrap.

Properly processed scrap steel cans have four principal end uses:

- They are remelted to make a variety of new steel products.
- They are "detinned" in plants throughout the country to conserve tin (all of which must be imported) and provide steel for remelting or other reuse.
- They are used to extract copper from low-grade ore, thus conserving still another precious resource.
- They are used in the manufacture of ferroalloys—a basic ingredient in the production of new alloy steels and high-grade castings.

The steel industry's traditional use of millions of tons of scrap enables us to guarantee that the steel we make for cans contains at least 25 percent recycled material.

That's why we say that steel is the recycled material.

Steel
the recycled material

Tinplate Producers / American Iron and Steel Institute

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news worth printing boiled down to a single short item from Wisconsin: "Madison Mood: Calm and Fear Mixed."

By Tuesday, the issue had disappeared entirely from page one, and back inside the news of Secretary Rogers' counterattack on "Democrats who had criticized the mine-laying as an act of brinkmanship" got twice the space given an account of five antiwar demonstrations.

But on Thursday, the story was back on page one. "Communists Report Mines at Haiphong Swept, Ships Sailing," said the head. The byline was that of Anthony Lewis, doubler-in-brass as both columnist and London bureau chief, who had been filing from Hanoi since Monday. True—the story began: "The North Vietnamese say that . . ." and the dateline was Haiphong. But the second paragraph noted that "independent sources [never identified] give support to that claim." And the Pentagon's flat and unequivocal denial that anything of the kind had happened was confined to a bracketed third-paragraph insert and an inconspicuous shirt-tail at the end of Lewis' column-long dispatch.

The White House reaction was predictable. Kenneth Clawson, Deputy Director of Communications, as mentioned above, accused the *Times* of "being a conduit of enemy propaganda to the American people"—leading Managing Editor Abe Rosenthal to retort that the Administration was "challenging the right of the American public to be informed about what the North Vietnamese are saying." Clawson's contention that the story should have been withheld for "a day or so" while "they did some more investigating on their own" obviously flew in the face of every news medium's compulsion to get hot news to the public as fast as possible. But the *Times*' position was questionable. The Pentagon's version might well have been given comparable prominence, for example, in a companion story adjacent to the Haiphong dispatch. Or two stories might have been combined under a head saying something like "Hanoi Says Mines Swept, Ships Sailing; Pentagon Denies It."

In this one case, to a degree at least, the *Times* had been a "conduit of enemy propaganda," but it is hardly credible that its lack of evenhandedness was deliberate. The likelihood is rather that it occurred under the exigencies of deadline pressure, and that the news desk was influenced by the prestigious Lewis byline coming from hitherto almost unreachable Hanoi. No confirmation of the Lewis story followed, nor did identification of his "independent sources." Clearly, Haiphong harbor had not been swept nor had ships been sailing, as a later page one story from Hanoi was to concede.

With this one major exception, once again the news editors of the *Times* had performed with singular balance and almost total freedom from the towering bias registered by the editorial page in its jeremiad on "Mr. Nixon's Brinkmanship."

On the evidence of our five case histories, the *Times*' news performance in terms of balance between Right and Left may not be flawless, but it must be rated very high. Neither Abe Rosenthal nor any other responsible *Times* news executive would think of claiming infallibility. They clearly strive for fairness, and do not deny that they sometimes err.

In the case of Agnew and the networks, where every journalist's natural reflex tended toward strong anti-Agnew bias, the news coverage of the issue was as evenhanded as the Vice President himself could have asked.

In the ABM case, the news did appear to be weighted in favor of the opposition, as it did to a slightly lesser degree in the reporting of the Haynsworth fight in the Senate. Much of this apparent weighting, however, should be attributed to the fact that attackers always can—and almost always do—generate more news than defenders, whatever the issue. Almost every switch of a senator away from Haynsworth produced another story, and there were many more of these than shifts to him.

In the Buckley campaign for the Senate, the Conservative side can hardly fault the *Times*' in the news, despite the editorial page's opposition.

Finally, in the most recent and perhaps most controversial story of the five, the decision on the mining of the ports, the *Times*' news administration was so evenhanded that it must have been deeply dismaying to the liberal opposition.

It is important indeed that conservatives recognize the true role of the *Times* in conveying their viewpoint with relative freedom from bias, not only to its two million-plus readers, but to the news media of the world. For the *Times* represents a standard of news coverage with which the press of the U.S. and the world constantly compares itself, and to which the electronic media also turn, admittedly or not, for much of their news content and many of their judgments on news emphasis. Editors from coast to coast check the *Times* front page every day as a reference-point, if not a guide, for their own news judgments. The *New York Times Index* stands alone in the world's libraries as a guide to history itself. And rare is the member of Congress, the ambassador or the head of government anywhere who is not a *Times* reader.

That the *Times* discharges its stewardship with the degree of fairness which this study suggests is a challenge to all media that aspire to responsible journalism. Conservatives—and all other Americans—could be far more confident if other major media measured up to the same standard. Yet, to date, the news magazines are regrettably far short of it, and the networks, their legal obligations notwithstanding, do not even approach it. Were the news standard of the *Times* more broadly emulated, the nation would be far better informed and more honorably served. □

Mining of the Ports, 1972

May 9 to 22

	Emphasis pro-policy	Emphasis anti-policy in U.S.	Emphasis anti-policy abroad	Emphasis neutral or mixed
Number of news stories	34	32	30	23
Approx. words	40,600	23,500	24,550	22,450
News stories—page one	11	4	9	9
Approx. words	13,800	2,950	9,150	9,500

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LETTER FROM LONDON

They Have Gun Controls in England

M. F. HARVEY

THE ATTEMPTED assassination of George Wallace has put the issue of "gun control" back on page one—coincidentally, at a time when capital punishment is widely believed to be on the way out. The experience of Britain, which has no capital punishment and lots of gun control, is instructive in this double context. In 1957, when the British revised their traditional, and very stern, homicide laws, the murderer who killed with a gun was still liable to be hanged; but the murderer who used less direct methods was more likely than before to be guilty of "non-capital" murder (meaning there'd be no death penalty for him) or he might even be let off with a short prison term for manslaughter. So what happened? The number of murders with guns declined, but there was a marked increase in the number of killings by beating, kicking and other means.

Obviously, it is not necessary to have a gun to commit murder. But political crackpots, as well as common criminals, find that guns are handier and more efficient than other weapons. Indeed, the possession of a firearm can be so valuable to a criminal that he will go to great lengths to obtain one. How, then, is the robber or would-be killer "deterred" from getting his hands on such a weapon, and from using it?

For many years, the British thought they had the answer. Unless you were a farmer, a sportsman, a soldier or a policeman on special duty, it was illegal to possess firearms. Since no law will make *all* citizens law-abiding *all* of the time there were always, each year, a certain number of "firearms offenses" in Britain. The interesting development in recent years, however, is that firearms have become virtually uncontrollable in Britain, despite the fact that gun-control laws have become more sophisticated and penalties for violations are far more severe.

For example, in 1940-44 only eight hundred persons were "proceeded against" for firearms violations in England and Wales, on a yearly average. More than a decade later, in 1956, the figure was still under nine hundred. Throughout this period, the penalties imposed by the old Firearms Act of 1937 were relatively light—mostly fines or a few months' imprisonment. But during the early 1960s firearms offenses increased so markedly that the 1937 Act was revised and, in 1965, heavier fines were supplemented by up to ten years' imprisonment if guns were used in the course of a serious crime or to resist arrest. By 1965 the number of persons proceeded against for firearms offenses had increased to 2,880; the figure had climbed to an unprecedented 5,275 by 1970.

The failure of the 1965 Firearms Act to control the illegal possession and use of guns in Britain became apparent during a period when all serious crimes in England—including homicides—were increasing at a staggering rate. When did this increase start, and why?

Let us first note that there was relatively little change from 1946 to 1956. The average total of all indictable offenses remained only slightly above 470,000 for those years. But by 1960, only three years after passage of the 1957 Homicide Act, indictable offenses were up to 743,713—and homicides (excluding vehicular homicides) had increased from a per capita rate of 1.8 convictions per million to 2.9 per million. By 1965, there was no doubt that Britain was experiencing the most shocking crime wave in her history—indictable offenses were up to 1,333,882 for that year alone.

But statistics did not prevent the "humanists" and the doctrinaire left-wingers in Britain's Labor Party from voting the complete abolition of capital punishment. They argued that non-application of the death penalty (as modified in 1957) really had nothing to do either with the new increases in firearms offenses or with the remarkable increase in crime generally. Apparently, the Labor Party hoped the more severe penalties in the 1965 Firearms Act would help prevent murder by gun, just as they hoped murder wouldn't increase once the death penalty—already weakened by the 1957 law—was no longer on the books.

What Really Happened?

In 1965 the homicide rate in Britain (combining convictions for both murder and non-vehicular manslaughter) had increased to 3.95 per million and it increased again to at least 5.8 (possibly higher) in 1970. Now it is hard for anyone to argue that a murder has occurred—in Britain or anywhere else—simply because the penalty for murder has been lessened. Not even the wisest judge or jury, or the cleverest defense lawyer or prosecuting attorney, can know *exactly* what has gone on in the mind of the murderer. If he claims that his crime was unpremeditated, perhaps he's talked himself into believing this even if the judge and jury decide that the evidence is all against him. It is extremely difficult, however, to argue that armed robberies—whether or not they end in murder—are unpremeditated.

In every armed robbery, there is a certain amount of planning on what sort of weapon to obtain and how to use it. How, then, would most people judge the evidence if it could be shown that, with every step toward the weakening and eventual abolition of the death penalty in Britain, armed robberies increased along with homicides?

In the October 1971 issue of the British Police Federation's monthly magazine, *Police*, Chief Inspector Colin Greenwood, a firearms expert from Yorkshire, published just such a study. He showed that, in the metropolitan area of London, armed robberies from the end of World War II up until 1956 were relatively few (between 130 and 138 per year). But following the 1957 Homicide Act, the incidence of armed robberies in London increased as did homicides generally in England. By 1965, when the Labor government

(Continues on page 1025)

Miss Harvey has written a series of articles on the abolition of capital punishment and the upsurge of homicides in Britain for the Boston Herald Traveler.

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CHANGING ATTITUDES

Can the South Show the Way?

JOHN SHELTON REED

A RECURRENT dream for a minority of Southern whites, a dream remarkable for its staying power in the face of adverse evidence, has been that the South might someday show the world how an equitable biracial society could be achieved. Not a few white Southerners have been tempted to hope that the South could do more than catch up with the Northern pattern of race relations—that it could break through to an accommodation qualitatively different from and superior to that displayed in, say, Philadelphia or Cicero. If this should come to pass, "the South, which has always felt itself reserved for a high destiny," as Yale law professor Charles Black observed, "would have found it, and would have come to flower at last. And the fragrance of it would spread, beyond calculation, over the world."

Southern black leaders, from Martin Luther King to Charles Evers and, most recently, James Meredith, have entertained a similar hope for their region. Howard Lee, the black mayor of Chapel Hill, North Carolina, argues, for instance, that white Southerners are at least aware of black people's existence, which makes them easier for Negroes to deal with than Northerners. Writer Louis Lomax' assessment of the prospects for his hometown of Valdosta, Georgia, was a little less backhanded: "Valdosta will make it peacefully into tomorrow, partly because the whites themselves are slowly changing, partly because the Negroes are not really pushing. Time nudges them both along."

Lomax was right: Southern whites *are* changing. Public opinion polls in 1942 showed 98 per cent of white Southerners favoring absolute segregation in the public schools; by 1963, the proportion had dropped somewhat, to 68 per cent; by 1970, only 16 per cent of Southern whites said they would object to sending their children to schools with "a few" black children. These same polls show a leveling off of non-Southern support for desegregation during the 1960s, so that South and non-South are now more alike in their racial attitudes than at any time in the recent past.

The pattern of faster change in the South than outside is repeated when we turn from white attitudes to black economic circumstances (although here again the Southern black is still worse off than his Northern confrère). The question is what the limits of these changes are to be. Straightforward extrapolation suggests that Southern blacks will soon be better off, both relative to the ambient whites and absolutely, than Northern black people; cynicism suggests that this is too much to hope for, and that Southerners (white ones at least) should be content with a pattern of race relations and racial inequalities no worse than that found elsewhere.

BUT THERE ARE other grounds for hope. Lomax pointed to the attitudes of Valdosta's blacks as a beneficial element in the situation, and again his observation applies to most of the region. During the past ten years, many studies have been made of the racial attitudes of American Negroes. One constant finding in a changing decade has been that Southern blacks are less resentful, more hopeful and less alienated than other black Americans. This remarkable forbearance, however undeserved, gives Southern communities the opportunity to prepare for change and to make it gracefully, in an atmosphere relatively free of urgency and acrimony. Although little in our region's past leads one to expect that we shall use the opportunity, it is there, and perhaps we shall surprise the cynics yet.

What grounds are there for hoping that racial change, as it is coming and continues to come, might lead to a happier situation in the South than elsewhere? Why would anyone suspect that blacks and whites might be able to get along better in the South?

Some have argued that there is a cultural similarity between the races in the South, a similarity lacking elsewhere. We-all understand each other's accents, sing the same hymns, eat the same odd foods, go fishing when we get the chance, and so forth. This similarity, however perfectly obvious from Cambridge or New York, is somehow less so on the scene. Unfortunately for the theory, similarity is very much a contrast phenomenon; it takes a dissimilar third party to bring out the similarities, and such a useful group is conspicuously absent from most Southern communities. Even if it were feasible, overcoming ethnocentrism through ethnocentrism (which is what this amounts to) would be a dubious proposition. Moreover, cultural similarity is neither necessary nor sufficient for inter-group cooperation and mutual respect, as any historian could have told us.

A somewhat more promising line of reasoning goes like this: Southern whites and blacks have been in contact with one another for three-and-a-half centuries. For better or for worse, we are not strangers to one another, and may even have come to understand each other. However, leaving aside the question of whether our grandfathers understood each other (I think there is a case to be made for black grandfathers having understood white ones, although not necessarily vice versa), it seems to me to be becoming painfully obvious how much in fact we *have* been strangers to one another. Social psychologists tell us that for interaction to produce positive feelings it must be interaction between persons of similar status, and this of course is precisely what Negro-white interaction in the South has not been. As William Styron observed some time ago: "To assume that anything more than a rare and sporadic intimacy on any level has existed in the modern South between whites and Negroes is simply to deny . . . the monstrous effectiveness of that apartheid which has been the Southern way of life for almost three-quarters of a century." (It is sad, that, as a higher proportion of interracial interaction becomes equal-status interaction, the overall *amount* of interracial interaction in the South may well be decreasing. The

(Continues on page 1026)

Mr. Reed teaches at the University of North Carolina. He is author of The Enduring South.

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LETTER FROM HUE

General Giap's Next Move

HAROLD ELLITHORPE

HUE, SOUTH VIETNAM—The men in Hanoi openly hope that Senator George McGovern will win the Presidency and yank American support out of Indochina, but there is ample evidence that they are not going to sit back and wait for such an uncertain outcome.

General Vo Nguyen Giap, supported by a narrow but apparently firm politburo majority, has opted for full-scale military action directly aimed at doing what wars are all about: destroying the enemy forces.

The primary enemy now is not the vanishing Americans but the million-man Army of South Vietnam (ARVN). Destroying the ARVN as a fighting force, that is, cracking both its defensive power and its morale, is the initial objective. Loss of the ARVN would break the back of the Thieu government, which rests on a pyramid of military authority extending from Independence Palace on down to hundreds of local self-defense units in the ten-thousand-odd hamlets of South Vietnam.

Careful scrutiny of North Vietnam's actions since the current offensive began has convinced most commanders that the real objective is destruction of the national army rather than seizure of territory, winning over the populace or more esoteric political-psychological goals. A decisive battlefield victory would give the Communists a fait accompli, regardless of the outcome of the American election, the waverings of their allies in Moscow and Peking, or the détente initiatives of Richard Nixon.

Reinforced by a surprising array of five hundred tanks and large numbers of heavy-caliber cannon, the initial offensive succeeded beyond Giap's ability to exploit the victories. His forces overran base after base along the demilitarized zone, fourteen in all, meeting little resistance. In the south, three Cambodian-based divisions smashed through major ARVN units to capture Locninh; they mauled two South Vietnamese divisions, and surrounded a sizable force at Anloc. In the Central Highlands, two other divisions of the NVA easily took Dakto, Tancanh, and a protective string of firebases along Rocket Ridge overlooking Kontum.

Regrouping after these unexpectedly simple wins, Giap's men smashed through Quangtri city in May, sending the remnants of the ARVN third division in open rout toward the old capital city of Hué.

By mid-May, the North Vietnamese forces were in a position to cut the country in half from Kontum to Binhdinh, seize the politically significant city of Hué and march down Highway Thirteen toward Saigon. They held unchallenged sway over vast areas of abandoned countryside.

President Nixon, whose military advisers quickly recognized the danger, threw every available resource behind the battered South Vietnamese. As most U.S. ground forces had been withdrawn, the commitment was in the form of massive air and naval power.

THE PRESIDENT slammed hundreds of fighter-bombers over the North, mined Haiphong harbor, ordered squadrons of Air Force and Marine jets back to Indochina to support ARVN troops fending off the NVA, and sent waves of B-52s against enemy troop concentrations. He hoped to choke off supplies and break up massing Communist units before they could again hit the staggered ARVN defenders.

Giap's timing was faulty and he lost the momentum of his first thrusts. ARVN forces began to dig in and hold. Cautious ARVN generals refused to be drawn into ambushes, preferring to sit tight and force the invaders to evade U.S. bombs in order to hit Saigon's forces.

Almost miraculously, the ARVN managed to survive.

In the longest siege of the war, and certainly one of the bloodiest, the beleaguered defenders of Anloc refused to surrender. At Kontum, a fresh division rushed to the city's rescue easily handled a major sapper and infantry assault.

In the northern provinces, Vietnamese Marines not only held the Mychanh river line but actually counterattacked.

Equipped with light antitank weapons, the ARVN soon discovered they could knock out NVA armor as it lumbered at them in absurdly uncoordinated sweeps. Tough little South Vietnamese troopers learned they could dig in and withstand heavy Communist artillery and mortar fire.

Most amazing of all, morale did not crumble, even among the less reliable Regional Forces and Popular Forces. President Nguyen Van Thieu replaced a number of political generals with tougher, battle-tested commanders who restored order and aggressiveness. Chisel-faced Lieutenant General Truong took over the critical Hué front. Major General Hoan, an armor expert, replaced Ngo Dzu in the Central (Second) Region.

By mid-June, the tables had been turned on Giap. Neither civilian nor military morale had collapsed. American bombers were steadily whittling away his troop strength. He gave up Anloc, dispersing his three southern divisions into the countryside. The direct threat to Saigon eased although rampaging bands of NVA troops began penetrating areas of the Mekong Delta where they will probably attempt to weaken the government's pacification efforts.

In the Highlands, NVA forces pulled out of the flat country and back into the jungle hills. In Binhdinh Province on the central coast, won by hard fighting in May, the NVA third division melted away, allowing the ARVN to re-occupy four lost districts.

Giap's 1972 campaign is not over yet, and the hardest fight is still to come. He has shifted six divisions into the northern three provinces of Quangtri, Thuathien and Quangnam, the largest NVA concentration of the war. More may be on their way from other fronts in the south.

His aim apparently is a massive assault on the prime ARVN units con-

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centrated north of Haivan Pass—the airborne, marine and first infantry divisions. And he may try to seize Hué, a juicy prize.

To gather strength for this final effort, Giap has stripped North Vietnam of its last fighting division and shifted one, possibly two, NVA divisions from Laos. Supplies getting through the strangulation bombing of the North are being diverted to this single front.

When and where the battle will take place is, at this writing, unknown. According to Allied intelligence, preliminary probes are already being made. NVA gunners have increased the volume of their barrages on key outposts and along critical Highway One. South of Danang, the 711th division has launched a major attack down the Queson valley, apparently aimed at keeping two ARVN regiments pinned down so that they will be unable to reinforce units fighting further north.

South Vietnam has placed its best units in defense of Hué, elite troops with proven combat performance. If Giap can crack these units, he will have little trouble handling other forces. Both sides have taken heavy casualties during the past four months, but both have managed to keep their battalions fairly well up to strength with replacements. Neither side suffers any apparent shortage of food or ammunition.

While the ARVN has fewer troops in the immediate combat zone, they enjoy air supremacy and naval support and possess greater mobility over short interior lines of supply and communication. The battle looks evenly matched with Giap holding the initiative of time and place.

Why is Hanoi taking this last gamble? Having lost the earlier battlefield momentum and suffered setbacks, why should Giap further risk his strength in a huge new effort? Why not husband his forces and supplies for a future campaign, say, early next spring? Good guerrilla strategy as propounded by Mao and Giap himself would dictate caution at this juncture.

The decisive victory over invading ARVN troops two years ago in southern Laos may have convinced Giap the South Vietnamese army could not stand against full-scale assaults. Indeed, the Laotian debacle convinced many Western observers, including a number of American officers, that the ARVN was unable to face combat. The easy NVA victories of this spring may have confirmed this assumption. He may be convinced the ARVN is on the ropes and needs only one more punch to fall.

There are also indications that North Vietnamese leaders fear a potential deal between Nixon and their allies, Russia and China, more than they fear the uncertainties of battle. Kissinger's junkets have put substantial pressure on Hanoi to ease its negotiating demands and to compromise at the Paris peace talks. The specter of a repeat performance of the 1954 Geneva Accords with the implied "sellout" compromises is ever-present in Hanoi.

By winning the war on the battleground, Hanoi could avoid the necessity of compromise. A major victory by NVA forces before the American election would seriously damage Nixon's re-election chances, perhaps to the point of forcing him to drop his support of President Thieu.

But Hanoi must take into account that McGovern may lose. A victorious

(Continues on page 1026)

Another Farewell to New York

USUALLY reliable sources report the Statue of Liberty will hold an important news conference soon.

A spokesman, who declined to be identified, hinted that the conference would concern a handsome offer from the city of San Diego, this occurring just after the Statue issued her blistering report on the State of the City.

This now famous report, it may be recalled, critically reviewed the last six years of city life. Areas highlighted in the report were: 1) violence and crime, and the year to year escalation of these activities; 2) welfare waste; 3) decline in the quality of the city's environment, e.g., its water; 4) incredible filth and disrepair on and of the streets.

After reading the report the mayor went into an uncharacteristic rage. Yanking off his tie, uttering incoherent and gurgling cries, he is said to have leaned out of his window and shaken his fist at the Statue.

After this grave insult the Statue contacted, through friends, various Chambers of Commerce. San Diego, it appears, may have come up with the most attractive offer.

The background to this story is not as commonplace as it may appear. The recent relocation of Central Park, Grant's Tomb, Lincoln Center, the Empire State Building, Rockefeller Center (details of which see below), the Music Hall and other landmarks, has created an atmosphere perhaps best described by one observer—"Dunkirkian."

All has not been bleak. The relocation to New York of the Erie Lackawanna Hoboken RR Terminal, the London Tower and the Chicago Stockyards has been attempted to counter the trend. Just last month, the mayor said, at a site dedication, "Posterity shall see New York again take its place in the sun. The London Tower, which we today dedicate, is but the beginning of Gotham's restoration. Other cultural acquisitions are under consideration, e.g., the Berlin Wall, Czar Nicholas' last dacha and others. And really, when you come right down to it, who needed Consolidated Edison?"

The lights coming on again, the mayor concluded an emotional speech by again yanking off his tie, turning to face the Statue of Liberty and uttering what were reported to be "rather racy expletives." This is thought by some to have been the last straw for the Statue and she then signed the final unmooring papers.

The above, when added to that scene, on December 21 at Rockefeller Center, may prove fateful to the mayor's political ambitions. The scene involved the governor's unannounced arrival, his undressing of the Tree, and his personal supervision of the removal of the Center. This somewhat unusual act lent further credence to the mayor's unpopularity with the governor.

So, as I complete this article, Mrs. Jay and I plan to board the Statue of Liberty. We will leave behind the memory of generations of New Yorkers. We leave with the assurance, however, that wherever we travel in America, there we will certainly find some of New York's cultural institutions-in-exile.

—ALEXANDER JAY

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ELECTION '72

The View from Texas

VAL VICTORSON

BEFORE THE Miami Convention it was a foregone conclusion that Democrat Dolph "Daddy" Briscoe would be a shoo-in for governor to replace the scandal-tarnished Preston Smith. Texas, after all, has been electing Democrats and only Democrats to this office since 1873. And Dolph Briscoe—although known as a liberal when he was in the legislature—now insists he is a conservative. The truth is that Briscoe is an opportunist who has responded to the winds of Texas politics with all the constancy of a weathervane.

Democrats weren't the only ones who felt that Briscoe was a sure thing once he won the primary. Republicans, who had indulged themselves for the first time in a primary contest for the gubernatorial spot, were equally willing to concede his inevitable victory. It has even been suggested that the large number of entrants in the Republican primary was designed to dilute the vote and prevent the nomination of the one Republican who really wanted to win, spunky, articulate Henry "Hank" Grover, the state senator from solidly Republican Harris County (Houston). Grover, a tireless campaigner, stumped the state, led in the primary, and captured 66 per cent of the vote in the run-off. Only those who knew Grover were not surprised. He is a man with a Patton-like sense of his own destiny. He inspires immense personal devotion. Like James Buckley in New York, he baffles the liberal media by attracting hordes of dedicated young people who toil with preternatural zeal in his behalf.

But despite the zeal of Hank Grover and his tough-minded conservative supporters, there were few commentators or political pros on the Texas scene who thought he had a chance. Indeed, both the network reporters and the "chairpersons" at the Democratic Convention in Miami slipped regularly into the habit of calling Briscoe, the chairman of the Texas delegation, "Governor-elect Briscoe," and even "Governor Briscoe."

Ironically, it was Briscoe's remarkable flip-flop performance at Convention that changed the odds. First he let on that he would support Henry Jackson. Then he voted for George Wallace. And then, while a recount in

his own delegation was going on, he and his wife abruptly switched their votes to George McGovern, a man Briscoe had frequently lambasted during the primary campaign. (But, six weeks later, he failed to show up at the LBJ ranch for his candidate's meeting with the former President.)

But more was to come. When Eagleton was announced as McGovern's choice for the vice presidential nomination Briscoe declared that from what he had heard Eagleton was "even more far out than McGovern." Then he went right ahead and voted for him.

The Texas press, most of which is moderate to conservative Democratic, was virtually unanimous in ridiculing or deploring Briscoe. His performance, they pointed out, could not have done more to offend and alienate almost everyone in the party. The liberals were outraged at his Wallace vote and his refusal to back Sissy Farenthold, his primary opponent, in her bid for the second slot (she came in second to Eagleton in a field that included Archie Bunker, Roger Mudd and Mao Tse-tung). The conservatives were dismayed by his desertion of Jackson, the only major candidate who didn't throw in the towel after McGovern's juggernaut won the California delegate fight. And the Wallaceites were outraged at his abandonment of their man in mid-tabulation.

For the first time newspapers throughout the state started talking about Grover as a possible winner against Briscoe. La Raza Unida, the militant Mexican-American party which had backed Farenthold in the primary but had been expected to support Briscoe in the election, announced its repudiation. "Right now," declared the party's fiery Ramsey Muniz, "we could go tell Grover that he's the next governor."

Although Grover's fortunes have been dramatically boosted by Briscoe's bumbling in Miami, the biggest obstacle he now faces is an element within the Texas Republican Party. This faction fears that a serious, well-financed campaign for Grover, a campaign to *win*, will hurt the chances of Republican Senator John Tower.

THE REAL worry is not money. There's plenty of that in Texas to support two or more major Republican campaigns. The usual explanation is that a big turnout of Democratic voters, provoked by a serious threat to Democratic control of the statehouse, might swamp John Tower. But this pretext rings hollow. The fact is that Texas voters of both parties are most likely this year to turn out in force for one principal reason: to vote against George McGovern. And if the Democrats are in a mood to protest the takeover of their party by the coalition of radicals, ideologues, malcontents and reformers that dominated the Miami Convention, they could well be in a mood to extend their protest by also voting against the man who swung wildly from Wallace to McGovern in the span of ten minutes.

The real reason why some Republicans are cool toward Grover is that he's not their kind of country-club candidate. The older Texas Republicans who

(Continues on page 1029)

Mr. Victorson is a Texas advertising man who was born on the banks of the Pedernales.

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THE CLINE REPORT

How Does Youth Think?

DENNIS FAGAN

THE POLL (see accompanying article), conducted for this magazine by Ernest Cline, Inc. elicited the opinions of our young people on some of today's most pressing issues. More than two thousand students in thirty colleges throughout New York, California and the Middle West took part in the sampling, which was scientifically designed to form a representative profile of American youth as a whole.

The actual poll contained several hundred questions, six of the most representative of which have been reprinted below, along with brief analyses of their results.

1. THE ESTABLISHMENT

How should the system be done away with?

Peacefully: 77 per cent
Violently: 5 per cent
Not sure: 18 per cent

Overwhelmingly, we can see, the young people of this nation reject the use of violence in effecting needed change. The violent are indeed a "few" (5 per cent), but the real majority is not "silent"; it is firmly committed to the cause of peaceful change, and it hopes that the system will come across without the necessity for violence.

Another of our questions reinforces this percentile breakdown.

2. POLITICS

Would you describe yourself more as a liberal or as a fascist?

Liberal: 83 per cent
Fascist: 3 per cent
Not sure: 14 per cent

Here, as compared with the results of our first question, the radical fringe has diminished to 3 per cent, and the liberal majority grown to 83 per cent. Between 14 per cent and 17 per cent, however, seem at least partially dissatisfied with peaceful liberalism, and herein lie our potential revolutionaries. We may look forward to the active, liberal, peaceful majority (77 to 83 per cent) with compensatory optimism.

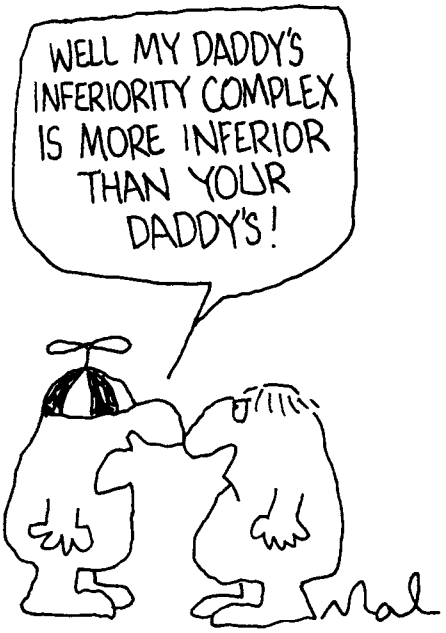
Our next question dealt with Vietnam, a sore point among radicals and moderates alike.

3. VIETNAM

Is Vietnam wrong?

Yes: 91 per cent
No: 5 per cent
Not sure: 4 per cent

Of all the questions we asked, our sampling gave the fewest abstentions on this one. President Nixon may feel that



a substantial number of Americans support his handling of the war, but our poll shows that virtually all of the college-aged young either oppose it outright (91 per cent) or are unsure about it (4 per cent).

A question about the economy confirms this.

4. ECONOMY

What three things do you feel are most responsible for the current recession?

Nixon: 95 per cent
Vietnam: 89 per cent
Capitalism itself: 85 per cent
Senator McGovern: 15 per cent
Sexual Freedom: 9 per cent
The Young Lords: 7 per cent

It becomes apparent that our young people approach unanimity in their opinions of the Administration and its various mismanagements. Of additional interest, 93 per cent exonerate the Young Lords, 91 per cent sanction the new morality, and a solid 85 per cent give the nod to presidential hopeful George McGovern.

The following question sheds some light on the entire issue of the division between young and old.

5. THE GAP

Are people over 35 justified in all major beliefs?

Yes: 7 per cent
No: 78 per cent
Not sure: 15 per cent

Clearly the gap is real. Almost all of our young people (93 per cent) either seriously doubt (15 per cent) or completely repudiate (78 per cent) all the major beliefs of their parents. Furthermore, many of the students interviewed were concerned that unless those in power begin to listen to the voice of the young soon, the ranks of revolutionaries in this country will swell immensely.

Finally, we sought out student opinion on the question of priorities.

6. PRIORITIES

What are our two greatest national priorities?

Peace: 91 per cent
Environment: 91 per cent
Not sure: 9 per cent

THOSE WHO accuse the young of dilettantism have something to reckon with in the above show of purposeful unity. Here, as throughout the poll, it is clear that our young people want a voice in the decision-making power of their country, but, so far as possible, resist the necessity for violence. They demand answers to urban problems, and all social questions, beyond the arbitrarily established structure of conventional, artificial or otherwise unresponsive "solutions," yet with a firm commitment to peaceful confrontation, and real and meaningful social goals, in the total sense of a shared community experience. □

Mr. Fagan, whose work has appeared in NATIONAL REVIEW *in the past couple of years, has just graduated from Fordham University.*

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BOOKS

Formidable Ally

Pacific Rivals
By the Staff of the Asahi Shimbun
Weatherhill/Asahi, 431 pp., $10

RICHARD L. WALKER

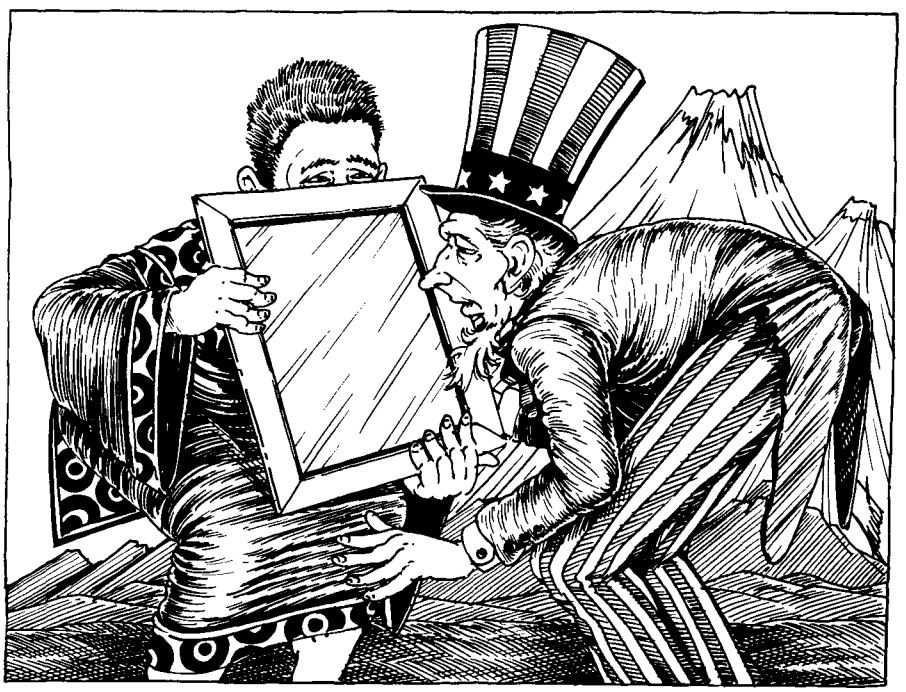
For a number of years now, a "Foreword" to any book on the Pacific or Japan by Edwin O. Reischauer, former United States Ambassador to Tokyo and one of America's top scholars on Japan, has constituted a sort of necessary Good Housekeeping Seal of Approval. Reischauer has probably written more introductions to books than most of his colleagues at Harvard. In fact, his introductions probably amount to more pages than most of his colleagues' books. In the case of *Pacific Rivals*, his enthusiasm and feeling of the importance of the volume is well justified.

The subtitle of this volume helps to tell part of the story: "A Japanese View of Japanese-American Relations." Actually the volume is a translation of approximately 140 articles which appeared in the *Asahi Shimbun*, possibly Japan's most prestigious newspaper and certainly one of the world's great dailies. The *Asahi* assigned a formidable number of its staff to gather materials for the articles. They are meaty, provocative, interesting and generally well-written. Each of the articles in translation amounts to only about three to three and one-half pages, so that the volume is one which can be picked up and put down in spare moments. Actually, it makes an ideal vacation book.

Pacific Rivals is a treasure trove of information about Japan and American relations with the land whose sun has risen again since the time of Perry's Black Ships in 1853. The story and the implications are put together in the form of a mosaic, and the reader is enabled to come away with a clearer understanding of the complicated nature of our engagement with Japan in the past and the necessity of working with and understanding this formidable ally in the decades ahead.

THIS IS NOT to say that the American reader will appreciate many of the small chapters which view the world and our own place in it from a Japanese point of view. And we must remember that the "Big Three" of the Japanese newspaper world (the *Yomiuri* and the *Mainichi*, in addition to the paper whose staff authored this volume) have generally been slanted to the left and have taken great delight in pulling Uncle Sam's whiskers over the years. But, on the whole, the presentation is a fair representation of Japanese views. What's more, the series was read and followed avidly by *millions* (yes, millions) of Japanese readers—the Japanese are probably the world's most avid readers anyway. When this volume appeared in book form in Japan last year, it became a best-seller overnight.

It *is* important that we understand some of the dynamics of Japan. The country is a miracle of modern guided capitalism, and if Herman Kahn is right, it will surpass the Soviet Union and become the second industrial power of the world by 1980. Yet Americans have been too fascinated with the grandiose experiments of Mao Tse-tung in China to give adequate attention to a country whose achievements make the Chinese Communists appear to be inept blunderers by comparison. How many of our industrialists or political leaders have even the faintest notion of what has been responsible for Japan's "boomu"? The time is long since past when we should ignore many of the lessons Japan has to teach America. Or are we afraid of being accused of turn-



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RANDOM NOTES

■ JUST OUT: Herbert S. Parmet describes him as *Eisenhower: The Necessary President* (Macmillan, $12.95). . . . European Journalist Oton Ambroz scrutinizes the Sino-Soviet split in his two-volume *Realignment of World Power*, concludes that the schism is real (Speller, $25). . . . *Nasser* biographer Shirley Graham Dubois is farther left than her subject (Viking, $8.95). From the same house, Lawrence Durrell retells the medieval legend of *Pope Joan* ($6.50).

■ OUT NEXT MONTH: *Transparent Things*, a Nabokov novella, sights a big fish in a little barrel: an American intellectual (McGraw-Hill, $5.95). The same publisher put together over five hundred illustrations for *American Civilization*, and editor Daniel J. Boorstin lined up thirteen writers ($29.95 till Jan. 1, then $35). . . . Another memoir of JFK by Joseph McCarthy, Kenny O'Donnell and David Powers: *Johnny, We Hardly Knew Ye* (Little, Brown, $10).

British historian David Caute assesses *The Fellow Travelers* (Macmillan, $8.95). . . . Frank Armbruster of the Hudson Institute surveyed all the surveys since the early Thirties, reaches some startling conclusions about national attitudes in *The Forgotten Americans* (Arlington, $9.95). From the same publisher, D. T. Armentano has a go at *The Myths of Antitrust* ($11.95). . . . *Museums and Women and Other Stories* is an Updike collection (Knopf, $6.95). . . . Saturday Review Press says Walter Sheridan's *The Fall and Rise of Jimmy Hoffa* reads like "a guide to corruption" ($10). From the same house, Aubrey Menen calls his illustrated study of St. Peter's Basilica *Upon This Rock* ($12.95). . . . *Beaverbrook* is a life by A. J. P. Taylor (Simon & Schuster, $12.95). . . . Two from Grove by Beckett: *The Lost Ones*, a new novella ($4.95; paper, $1.65) and *More Pricks Than Kicks*, ten short stories from the Thirties (Evergreen paperback, $1.95).

■ NOVEMBER BOOKS: *Vatican, U.S.A.* is Nino Lo Bello's assessment of the American Church's finances (Trident, $6.95). . . . A. L. Rowse surveys the history of *The Tower of London* (Putnam, $12.95). Also from Putnam, *Archeological Encyclopedia of the Holy Land*, edited by Avraham Negev ($15.95). . . . Ever wonder where your name came from? Chances are you'll find out from Elsdon C. Smith's *New Dictionary of American Family Names* (Harper, $12.50). . . . Conor Cruise O'Brien, now a Labor member of the Irish parliament, ruminates on *States of Ireland* (Pantheon, $6.95). . . . *James II* is a revisionist life by Jock Haswell (St. Martin's $10.95). . . . *The Time Element* is a collection of 34 O'Hara stories never in book form (Random House, $6.95).

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ing into a nation of copiers? And yet, as the reader of this volume will rapidly discover, we may have more contacts with Japan across a broader spectrum than with most of the European countries to which we give so much attention.

THERE ARE a number of big patterns which emerge in the mosaic created by this unusual collection of articles. First, the volume makes clear the great number of misconceptions which Japanese and Americans have of each other. The ignorance on both sides is astounding —the Japanese have been educated by American movies and many Americans by the same stereotypes. Second, it becomes increasingly clear that Americans do not understand the pluralism in Japanese society, a pluralism which matches our own. There are so many forces operative in Japanese politics, for example, that we will have to exercise extreme care not to upset the delicate balance which currently operates to make our relationships with Japan as friendly and cooperative as they are. Third, and this is really important, the Japanese see a real danger in the decrease in number of Japan specialists in the United States. The unique group who found their life's work in Japan as a result of World War II is dwindling and support in American education for further training is declining at the very moment when Japan has become far and away our greatest overseas trading partner and customer. Fourth, we can see in the complications which confront our own relations with Nippon the underlying uneasiness in a fragmented and modernizing Japanese society as it searches for a place, a mission and a unifying theme in the world. For more than a quarter of a century the quests of modern Japan have been tied to its unique relations with a United States that makes all too little attempt to fathom the forces which it helped to set loose there.

Finally, there emerges a clear picture that the Japanese understand—at least in the meeting rooms of the directors of "Japan, Incorporated"—the importance of learning about the United States. We learn that this carries over into all sorts of activities in the United States. Japan spends, for example, more than $1 million for lobbying in Washington. And why not, particularly if it involves terms of trade? The Japanese home islands buy more of the products of American farms than any other country—more than a billion dollars' worth per year.

PROBABLY the authors of this important book are right when they warn in the introduction to the section entitled "The New Rivalry": "One prediction that seems indisputable . . . is that the forthcoming association of Japan and the United States will involve increasing rivalry and intensified competition. For the security of the world as a whole, it is essential that this rivalry achieve an equilibrium that allows each party of the relationship its proper autonomy and yet is meaningful, harmonious and profitable to both."

At a time when three "Nixon Shockus" (Nixon Shocks) have cast Japan adrift, when rivalry in beating a path to Mao's throne has unsettled some of the diplomatic patterns in the Western Pacific, when it has been clear that the American President went to Peking rather than Tokyo because of the threat value of Communist China, and particularly its nuclear capabilities, when a new Prime Minister Tanaka is attempting to establish a little more independent and maybe a little higher "low posture" for Japan, the need for more balance and knowledge of Japan here in the United States is vital. Probably an important part of that knowledge is of how the Japanese perceive their revolutionary world. On both scores *Pacific Rivals* is a good place to start. □

Richard Walker *is the director of the Institute of International Studies at the University of South Carolina. . . .* **John Chamberlain**, *dean of reviewers, has a nationally syndicated column. . . .* **Vincent Miller** *teaches at Wofford College in Spartanburg, South Carolina. . . .* **Aram Bakshian** *is a contributor to* The War Game, *edited by Brigadier Peter Young, coming from Dutton in October.*

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Eleanor: The Years Alone
By Joseph P. Lash
Norton, 368 pp., $9.95

ELEANOR AS COLD WARRIOR

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

Frances Perkins, the woman who had been chosen to be Secretary of Labor by Franklin D. Roosevelt, complained from her obscure post-political refuge at the Cornell School of Industrial Relations that Eleanor Roosevelt did not even have an intellectually tidy mind. The judgment may have been born in pique, for FDR's widow had gone out from the White House to perform on the world stage of the UN while Frances had been relegated to Big-Frog-in-Small-Puddle status. Yet, regardless of motivation, Miss Perkins' observation was true enough. To the end, Eleanor Roosevelt wholly lacked a capacity for abstract thought. This, combined with her native innocence, laid her open to all those Westbrook Pegler parodies that struck home with such visible impact before they became dulled by incessant repetition.

But if she never learned to dig out a major premise, Eleanor Roosevelt, who had been born a lady in the society of Old New York, did know when she had been struck in the face. Up against Andrei Vishinsky, the old purge trial prosecutor, in the UN, she learned some things about the cold war from experience that she never could have deduced from reading even the plainest critique of Marxism. The most surprising thing about Joe Lash's book, which completes the chronicle begun in his *Eleanor and Franklin*, is his exaltation of Eleanor Roosevelt, the Cold Warrior.

I DON'T KNOW what Pegler would make of Mr. Lash's text, but the facts are apparently in order: at one stage Eleanor Roosevelt found herself reproving Max Lerner, the editorial director of *PM* who had criticized Americans for Democratic Action for being anti-Communist rather than non-Communist. "The American Communists," Mrs. Roosevelt lectured Max, "seem to have succeeded very well in jeopardizing whatever the liberals work for. Therefore, to keep them out of policy-making and staff positions seems to be very essential even at the price of being called Red-baiters, which I hope no member of this group will really be." Save for the pious refusal to see that Reds often deserve baiting, would Joe McCarthy himself have phrased it much differently?

It was her heart, not her mind, that put Eleanor Roosevelt against the Soviets in the UN from the moment that she first had to deal with them. She thought Vishinsky's unwillingness to extend the right of asylum to refugee camp occupants was just plain brutal. During her extended debates over the wording of the proposed Declaration of Human Rights she was confronted with the Soviet insistence on adding tricky

clauses subordinating rights to "the laws of the state." She wanted to believe in Henry Wallace, but when Wallace began associating himself with the American Communists in his attacks on U.S. policy and kept silent about Soviet responsibility for world tensions she couldn't take it. She couldn't even endorse the conclusions that her son Elliott drew from his father's wartime table talk about the Russians (Elliott thought FDR's words absolved the Russians of cold war guilt). She was never wholly reconciled to the go-it-alone implications of the Truman Doctrine, but when it was complemented by the Marshall Plan she thought rebuttals to the Soviets for being obstructionists about peace were in order. "By 1949," says Mr. Lash, "she was stating publicly she would 'never again' compromise, 'even on words' " with the Russians. The Soviets, she said, looked on compromise "as evidence of weakness rather than as a gesture of good will." When Ben Cohen expressed concern about her statement, she replied, "But we have to win the cold war."

Now that the revisionists are in full cry, blaming Harry Truman for starting the policy that led to Vietnam, Eleanor Roosevelt's insistence that the cold war was a stark reality virtually from the time of Yalta should come as a sobering reminder that brinkmanship was not just a John Foster Dulles aberration. Stalin practiced it as a matter of course. Eleanor Roosevelt's feelings about Russia had not changed appreciably when she made a visit to Moscow long after she had ceased to be a delegate at the UN. "I was oh! so happy," she said, "when our airplane, flying out of Moscow, touched down at Copenhagen . . . and I heard laughter and gay talk and saw faces that were unafraid." She "realized how different were our two worlds. Suddenly I could breathe again."

WHETHER Eleanor Roosevelt's realism about the cold war would have carried over into the present era is doubtful; not long before her death she went to the White House with Ben Cohen, Norman Cousins and Clark Eichelberger to urge that the U.S., instead of involving itself in Vietnam, take the question to the UN. Her invincible innocence always kept her from seeing that the UN cannot in the nature of things solve any problem on which the big powers differ. Moreover, as the custodian of her husband's reputation, she could hardly throw down the international organization that was FDR's most prized legacy to the world. But if we must resist the temptation to see a complete convert to realism about international affairs in the latter-day Eleanor Roosevelt, it is enough to know that she fought the good fight for the anti-Communist cause when the Henry Wallace liberals (including George McGovern) were following obstructionist courses.

What would Pegler have made of Joe Lash's book? I would dearly like to know. For myself, I confess to finding much more admiration for the lady than I ever thought possible when she was writing those ineffable columns and exuding an amorphous good will. □

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The Changing Politics of the South
Edited by William C. Havard
Louisiana State University Press, 755 pp., $17.50

THE ELECT AND THE SOUTH

VINCENT MILLER

The South—as C. Vann Woodward demonstrated long ago—has for 110 years now been characterized by complexity, variety and internal contradiction, and not by any shared and single viewpoint. And yet, for the same length of time, the myth of a Southern way of life has persisted. The question that concerns the authors of *The Changing Politics of the South* is whether the South must not now, under the pressure of industrialization and urbanization, of the extended franchise, political redistricting and increased social mobility, become a two-party, two-class section of the country relatively indistinguishable from the rest of the nation. From their point of view such a result seems both in the long run inevitable and immediately desirable.

IN FACT the contributors to Professor Havard's book would even welcome a Republican victory in the South this fall if that would hasten the process by giving the South a genuine two-party system. Now by a genuine two-party system they mean, of course, one that would lead what they call the "bourbon-whig" leadership of the present Democratic Party to switch once and for all to the Republican Party, taking their political henchmen with them. Such a switch, as they see it, would permit a nationally oriented and politically liberal elite to move into the vacuum left. This elite would begin at once educating the Southern poor white, the black, and the laboring class in the realities of national class warfare, with the end result of creating a new Democratic majority party in the South capable of defeating its suburbia-based Republican opposition both locally and nationally for the rest of the century at least. The South would then, these men believe, have finally and sensibly given up mythology and joined the nation as a whole.

Unfortunately, the facts of the matter seem to the professors who have written this analysis less promising than their hopes. As they see it, Republican strength will no doubt grow in suburbia, and increased hard-core Democratic strength among blacks will at least balance it. The problem is that the poor white will vote Wallaceite if rural (race hate his motive), and Republican if urban (where racism is less compelling but newly arrived industry as yet seems the bringer of good things and not the capitalistic enemy). Thus, these men conclude, voting patterns this fall will not as yet reflect the "economic realities" they should reflect, and Southern political waters will remain muddied as usual.

This analysis seems valid enough. But it doesn't indicate either the book's value or lack of it, or even its purpose. The purpose was to assess the Southern political situation as it has developed since the publication of V. O. Key's monumental *Southern Politics in State and Nation* in 1949. In pursuit of that goal, Professor Havard asked political scientists from several of the Southern states to write essays describing this period in each state, adding both an introductory and concluding essay of his own, and one other, in which Professor Shannon of the University of Connecticut writes of the Southern influence in the Congress during the past 25 years. The result is a useful collection of thumbnail histories, each about fifty pages long, and each accompanied by a wealth of statistical charts and maps, plotting such things as urbanization, ethnic distribution, and voting patterns of national, regional and local import. With these in hand, readers old and new to South-watching can certainly profit enjoyably, especially in the election year.

IT IS ONLY when one comes to the question of what the histories and charts add up to that the book falls short. The approach is typical of political scientists at their worst, where they appear to be less interested in helping the human political animal understand his own complexity and his political situation than they are in demonstrating the workability of some simplistic methodology which entitles them to rank themselves as "scientists." But the desire to be "scientific" is not, I think, the root cause of the book's final failure. The disappointing thing is that these men have fallen prey to a very old and virulent American disease, becoming fine specimens of what might be called neo-puritan bigotry in one of its blander and more academic manifestations. There is, of course, nothing to fear in this. America has always been simplistic, anti-intellectual, puritanical and bigoted, and especially so in its colleges. But the disease is not just a bore and a bother; it is costly and marvelously viable. And, in each new form, it continues to compel its victims to vent their Manichean discontent as openly as possible by reducing their enemies (and perforce finally themselves) to the simplest of despicable letches. Here we deal with fear, financial greed and race hatred. One must finally object that too many things of value to human civilization are eventually lost by such sin-obsessed and simplistic analyses.

THE BEST of the essays in the book rise above the general level, suggesting that intelligence and full humanity are not at all incompatible with the study of political science, just somewhat rarely encountered. I'll take but one example. For Professor Havard—who seems a good liberal and a good Democrat—the Southern poor white is not only a racist, he is also the deprived, starved, denied, denigrated and now Manichee-hated remnant of the yeoman tradition on which Jeffersonian democracy was first erected—a tradition whose many cultural strands (money was not conspicuous among them) contributed once, as they might again, to the fabric of a significant civilization. But Professor Havard is quite atypical. His colleagues in general have little interest in the folkways of poor-white Southerners. These are for them quite simplistically racist with populist tendencies (see chart 23), who might if racism could be cooled (see chart 24) be taught to vote with labor and the black along lines of their true (i.e., economic) interest—thus guaranteeing the Democratic Party's control of the South and of the nation (see maps 25 and 26).

Now it is finally important to note that this control (as Professor Havard points out) is not typically envisioned by his colleagues generally as resting upon any friends-and-neighbors basis, nor upon compromises permitting those messy complexities that typify human existence, but upon enforced conformity to the ideological positions and policies laid down by a central party elite. To this elite most of Mr. Havard's Southern colleagues seem to me to yearn

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covertly to belong. Indeed, it seems typical of them that they do not seem able clearly to differentiate between being political scientists concerned to broaden our understanding of the political world we live in, and being politicians concerned to be in the vanguard of what they see clearly as the party of the people and of the Lord.

But it has always been typical of the puritan bigot, however mild in nature, that he wished most devoutly to be among the elect. And it has always typified the elect since the puritan divines first turned to Ramus, that they not only distinguished between right and wrong with murderously simplistic methodology, but also sought in the end to dictate with quietly murderous efficiency the pattern of conduct the congregation as a whole was to follow. □

A Sense of the Senate
By Seymour K. Freidin
Dodd, Mead, 342 pp., $8.95

SENSELESS IN WASHINGTON

ARAM BAKSHIAN JR.

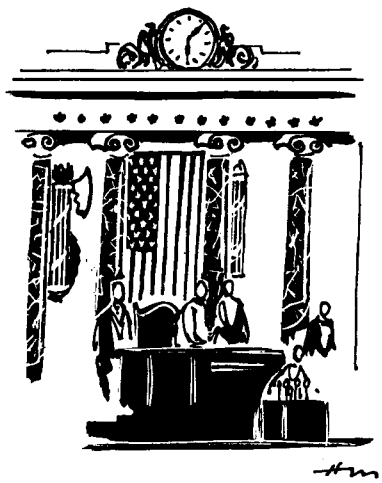
Oliver Goldsmith, not much given to such things, once cast a backward glance at the decayed republics of antiquity. "Here," he wrote, "stood their citadel, but now grown over with weeds; there their senate-house, but now the haunt of every noxious reptile . . ." If we are to believe veteran journalist Seymour Freidin's *A Sense of the Senate*, the noxious reptiles have reached Washington well ahead of the weeds. Mr. Freidin backs up his contention with all of the backstairs gossip, legislative trivia and personal bile he accumulated during a year-and-a-half stint as special assistant to the late Senator Tom Dodd. It is an angry but not entirely convincing indictment.

Certainly, the bilious attacks of men like Mr. Freidin only serve to heighten public contempt for the Senate without providing any important guidelines for workable reform. His naïve indignation would do credit to a Vassar virgin halfway through her first government course —if virgins are still allowed at Vassar. Freidin is equally enraged at major and minor abuses. Much too much space is wasted in angry snorts about "free parking space in an underground garage," and similar petty perquisites, and in recounting alleged tipsy tiffs of thirsty lawmakers or the rumored boudoir antics of senators more notable for their carnal appetites.

The whole ends up reading like an unedited marathon gossip column, sired by Jack Anderson out of Rona Barrett. Paradoxically, several of the handful of senators Freidin singles out as worth their salt would not even be allowed in the Senate if some of the "reforms" he sympathizes with were enacted. Maggie Smith of Maine, Hugh Scott of Pennsylvania and John McClellan of Arkansas (not to mention many of the Senate giants of the past he points to with awe) would have been bounced out as over-age. The fact that a real need exists for a cogent, well-organized critical study of the Senate makes the faults in Mr. Freidin's book all the more annoying. He knows something is wrong but, time after time, he misses the main point.

He recognizes the abuses of a committee system which has allowed arrogant, misguided ciphers like Arkansas' William Fulbright to build up private empires and sabotage government foreign policy, but he blames the seniority system. Can he really believe that a sexennial brawl within party caucuses and Senate committees would have a cleansing effect? It is far more likely that this sort of backroom rough-and-tumble would only give birth to more Byzantine double-dealing. The real problem, which has eluded Freidin, is that both the Senate and the House have been dominated by a single party for most of the past generation. As long as this monopoly continues, a small cast of characters, with minimal shifts due to death, defeat and retirement, will remain in control—with or without the seniority system.

"Idealistic" Democratic newcomers in the Senate have been even more prone to obstructing most of the current Administration's efforts at governmental reform, its military appropriations and its attempts to end involvement in Vietnam without abject surrender, than most of the Senate Democratic "old guard." The only way to change the status quo in the Senate—and the Congress as a whole—is to change the national political balance. A right/center sweep led by the Nixon ticket this



November, against a fragmented Democratic Party dominated by leftists, could mark the beginning of such a realignment, but only the beginning.

Instead of looking in this direction, Mr. Freidin seeks salvation in the woebegone form of Ralph Nader. The somber Syrian emerges as his one real hero amidst a gallery of political rogues, Republican and Democratic. Yet could any prospect be more horrifying to the rational observer than a Senate filled with humorless, self-righteous Naders, each strong in the paranoid conviction that he and he alone is the ordained national savior, and that anyone opposing him is corrupt, intolerant or the tool of special interests? The mind boggles, the stomach turns, and visions of Robespierre and Savonarola dance before the eyes.

THE GRUBBY TRUTH is that, often as not, legislatures throughout history have been most effective when headed by the opposites of Nader. England's greatest parliamentary leader was probably Sir Robert Walpole, a fat, vulgar and shamelessly corrupt cynic who led his country through one of its most prosperous, stable eras. The great reforms of the nineteenth century were not realized by saintly, gaseous Gladstone, but by Disraeli, one of the ablest, oiliest Tory trimmers of all time. In our own recent history, the figure of Robert Taft stands out as an honorable but distinctly rare exception. It was wheeler-dealer Lyndon Johnson who finally broke down congressional barriers against civil-rights legislation as President and who, in his years as Democratic Majority Leader of the Senate, helped President Eisenhower conduct a comparatively strong and unified bipartisan foreign policy.

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Such is the nature of legislatures. To the extent that they fulfill their role as a bargaining place for legitimate national and regional interests, popular and institutional, they have a sane if not inspiring basis on which to function. The voters can throw out any individual member whose record becomes unacceptable to them, so long as they bother to keep track of that record. The main problem with a case like Fulbright is that his Arkansas electorate, blindly one-party in allegiance, has automatically re-elected him to the Senate without much caring what he stands for beyond his strong anti-integration record. It, not the Senate, is the culprit in the piece. Power may corrupt individual senators, but it is the apathy or gullibility of the public that elects and keeps them in power.

As to the style and content of *A Sense of the Senate*, it appears that, after a year-and-a-half of note gathering and Washington cocktail circuitry, the author was so pressed for time that he threw his manuscript together with a minimum of care. It is fragmented, repetitious, disorganized and unindexed. In short, despite its title, it is a rather senseless, shoddy book. Still, I enjoyed reading it, as will most Washingtonians, if only to find out how many skeletons a veteran journalist had been able to uncover in Senate closets during eighteen months of nosing around. But I was also disappointed. A man of Freidin's talent and experience should have found more of them, learned more from them, and written a better book about them. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE ESSENTIAL PAUL ELMER MORE: A SELECTION OF HIS WRITINGS, *edited by Byron C. Lambert (Arlington House, 353 pp., $12.95)*. During the first two decades of this century Paul Elmer More was considered to be one of the most important literary critics in America. His *Shelburne Essays* and his articles in the *Nation* were discussed wherever intellectuals gathered. Today he is almost totally forgotten. His good friend and fellow humanist, Irving Babbitt, is presently enjoying something of a revival, a fact that may explain the appearance of this new selection of More's essays. Babbitt, of course, was a major intellectual, who influenced some of the most important writers of his day; More was not quite in the same class. Nevertheless, he does not deserve the kind of oblivion which Edmund Wilson and others have wished upon him. In this volume we have More at his best, expounding on his favorite subjects, theology, philosophy, the classics, contemporary education and politics. The reader will be surprised to learn that most of the essays were written before 1920, since they all seem to relate to the problems of the present day. His message is not an optimistic one, but it is one that should be studied by all thinking conservatives. Dr. Byron Lambert has done a good job in editing this anthology, and has written a useful introduction that will help put More in his proper perspective. P. P. WITONSKI

EXTREMISM LEFT AND RIGHT, *edited by Elmer West Jr. (Eerdmans, 152 pp., $2.95 paper)*. The publishing arm of the Dutch Reformed Church here presents eight essays by seminary professors, originally delivered at conferences of the Christian Life Commission of the Southern Baptist Convention, and it all adds up to a pretty tame handling of extremism. The extremist of the Left shows "authenticity . . . in that he rejects the dichotomy between being and act"; the extremist of the Right is "paranoid"; both are to be handled with eyes wide open and brimming with Love, and it will help if "the energy and skill expended to place man on the moon [are] turned to the less glamorous problems on earth." Don't let them immanentize the eschaton, let *us*.

C. H. SIMONDS

SWEET LAND OF LIBERTY, *by Edwin Silberstang (Putnam, 319 pp., $6.95)*. It's a fine plot for one of those "what if" novels that can be mighty hard to put down: the beautiful daughter of some future U.S. President is kidnapped by a left-wing cabal, and the kidnappers agree to set her free when the President caves in to their demands: full pardon for a couple of radical firebrands cooling off in jail. Eugene Burdick would have known how to handle it: some insider stuff about corridors of power, a few noisy ideological arguments, and a dramatic trackdown and confrontation for the finale. Edwin Silberstang has chosen to take all this seriously, which is no crime, but he's not always up to it. There are some fine touches in the novel —particularly his spooky portrait of Dean Stillman, the obsessive masterbrain behind the kidnap scheme—but the good moments are surrounded by an unholy amount of guff. Windy assaults on the modern mess go on for pages, and the author's arrows fit snugly into holes other marksmen have drilled: greedy businessmen, bought politicians, franchised sandwich shops, Harvard liberals, plastic everything, and so forth. The core of the novel is the old double-definition of "patriotic behavior": whether it means obeying the law or flouting it for some larger good. Silberstang comes off sounding hostile to his radicals and his Establishment-types alike, but his gleeful detailing of the presidential family's toilet habits seems to offer the key to his sympathies. It's really that sort of book, sweaty prose style and all. A hateful little number, insulting to both sides, and artistically simple-minded. D. CRINKLAW

SOCIAL SECURITY: UNIVERSAL OR SELECTIVE? *by Wilbur J. Cohen and Milton Friedman (American Enterprise Institute, 114 pp., $5.75)*. Mr. Cohen, the witty former secretary of HEW, is clearly on the defensive during this lively debate. When questioned about the deceptive packaging of Social Security (taxes called "contributions," the minuscule "trust fund," the employer supposedly "paying half"), Cohen replies, "Well, lots of things in life are illogical," and "I believe in rhetoric because it makes a lot of things palatable that might be unpalatable to economists." Professor Friedman argues that the Social Security tax is a disincentive to work because it falls most heavily on the poor, while the benefits are only vaguely related to need or prior contributions. The only assurance that benefits will continue to be paid, says Friedman, is the willingness of future taxpayers to tax themselves at increasing rates (the tax rose twice as fast as benefits in the last generation). Friedman would substitute a negative income tax for all indirect or categorical income supplement schemes, and either phase out Social Security or allow individuals to make private pension arrangements. The sacred cow that once gored Goldwater comes out of this match exhausted and mortally wounded. A. REYNOLDS

THE HARLEM RENAISSANCE REMEMBERED, *edited by Arna Bontemps (Dodd, Mead, 310 pp., $6.95)*. The Harlem Renaissance was an upsurge of Negro creativity in the 1920s which gave rise to such important black writers as Langston Hughes, Countee Cullen, Jean Toomer and Wallace Thurman. Arna Bontemps was a minor poet in the movement and has edited this collection of essays on its artists. His introductory "memoir" gives, unfortunately, only a hazy impression of the men and ideas behind the Renaissance, but the other essays manage to fill the gaps. Mae Henderson's portrait of the brilliant, eccentric Wallace Thurman is superb and Nicholas Canaday skilfully demonstrates Countee Cullen's ability to universalize his sensitive verse by avoiding racial propaganda. But Larry Thompson's examination of Jean Toomer is sophomoric and the piece on Langston Hughes tells much about the man's life and little about his poetry. Bontemps' selections provide a good, if limited, memoir of the Harlem Renaissance. D. P. CONDIT

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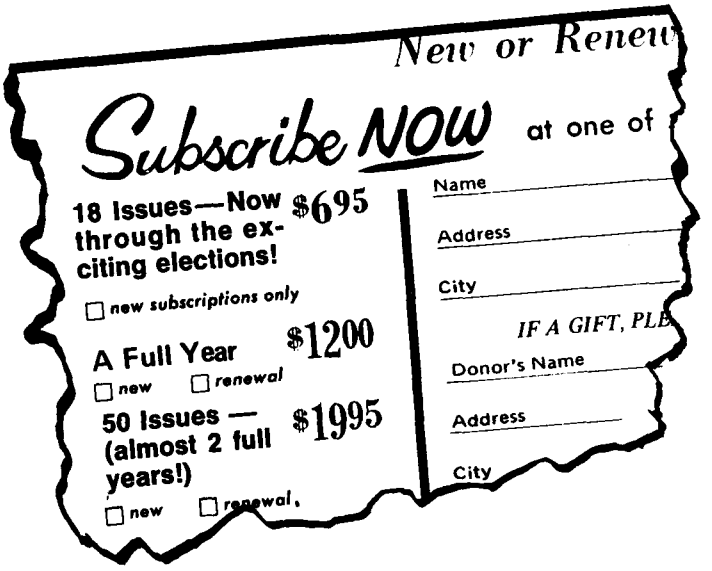

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Arts & Manners

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C. H. SIMONDS

Rejoyce!

"This is Side Five. Follow in your book and repeat after me as we learn three new words in Turkish. Towel . . . Bath . . . Bor-der. . . . May I see your passport, please?"

It's not in order—the picture doesn't look at all like him. He asks: "Is anything wrong?"

"Oh no, no, no . . . Would you mind waiting over there please?"

"Not for twelve hours," the functionary at the information booth says. "We will let you know at your hotel." The taxis are on strike, it is too early for the bus, "I suppose we will have to put you up."

"UP! Going up!" A Russian interrogates him through an interpreter. The elevator stops and he walks into a cocktail party in honor of Lord Kitchener, who rises to speak, suffers a coughing fit, knocks over the water pitcher and dies. "You are no longer safe here—to the Winter Palace!" But it's the Ice Show, in the *Berliner Eispalast*, and it turns into a battlefield. He meets men from the Underground, who explain everything altogether unintelligibly; taken to their headquarters he announces the triumph of the revolution and is thrown in jail, where he meets K ("I was imprisoned by a faceless people for a crime of which I had no knowledge"), who speaks with a cockney accent. His fellow prisoners nearly lynch him.

Suddenly he finds himself in the middle of a TV game show, "Beat the Reaper," on which contestants are injected with diseases and must guess what they have. He gets past jaundice to the seventh symptom; can't guess what it is; "whatever it is, I wanna *die*!" *Buzzzz*! "Oooh, I'm *terribly* sorry," croons the MC, all unction, "that's not correct. You've got the plague—isn't he a *good sport*!" He catches a taxi, which takes him through frenzied crowds all trying to catch his plague, to the border, and crashes through it. Silence, then a familiar voice: "This way, please. . . . You've made it—welcome to Side Six. Follow in your book as we learn our next three words in Turkish. Coffee . . . Delight . . . Bor-der. . . . May I see your . . . passport . . . please?"

Mad. And very funny, as done by the Firesign Theatre on their album *Waiting for the Electrician or Someone Like Him* (Columbia CS-9518). The FT, four pleasant-looking lads and a sound studio, are the best thing to happen to comedy since Bob and Ray. Their *shtick* is stream-of-consciousness à la James Joyce (one odyssey even madder than that outlined above ends with the used-car pitchman who began it drifting off into Molly Bloom's curtain speech from *Ulysses*; in all the routines lines and phrases keep popping back up in new contexts like the *tip . . . tip* of the branches on the window in *Finnegans Wake*). A favorite gimmick is channel-flipping—time and again, a routine is cut short with a *click*, then the hiss of an empty channel, then *click* and into something else; a few *clicks* later we're back to the first bit.

Into this seemingly schemeless scheme, FT weaves a lot of good stuff: California used-car commercials; Forties camp (their movie "We're Bringing the War Back Home" on *How Can You Be Two Places at Once When You're Not Anywhere at All* [Columbia CS-9884] is a masterpiece; their "Nick Danger" radio show, one whole side of the same record, is uproariously funny); atrocious plays on words; lots of fun-poking at the counterculture (one cut on *Electrician* has cops of the hip future hauling in unhip people for "regrooving"; another has a hip type empathizing all over the Noble Red Man and then getting down to cases: "Uh, got any peyote?"). Lots of television. TV commercials: "Dr. Gunderson (sob!), the Warden says he's tired of my coffee." TV "public service" spots: "What chance does a returning deceased war veteran have for that good-payin' job, more sugar and the free mule you've been dreamin' of? Well, think it over, then take off your shoes. Now you can see how increased spending opportunities mean harder work for everyone, and more of it too. So do your part today, Joe—join with millions of your neighbors and turn in your shoes." TV preachers: one, spending a week in heaven, reports to the faithful, "there's no drunken drivers here, no broken glass, no air. . . . I'm high all right, but not on false drugs.

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I'm high on the real thing—powerful gasoline, a clean windshield and a shoeshine," whereafter the choir bursts into the hymn "We're marching, marching to Shibboleth." (All the preceding from their newest, and best, album, *Don't Crush That Dwarf, Hand Me the Pliers* [Columbia C-30102].)

The FT can't be had "in person"—only in a recording studio can the mixing, overdubbing and sound effects they depend upon be done. Once in a great while the electronic gimmickry gets in the way—especially on *I Think We're All Bozos on This Bus* (Columbia C-30737), their hymn of hate to the plasticomputerized future. But for the most part it's used well, though God knows without restraint.

My raptures over FT threaten to crowd out three other performers, who do their comedy all by themselves. George Carlin has been around a long time: He made it small on the nightclub circuit in the early Sixties (an experience that left him with an abiding hatred for Shriners); now he's back, with long hair, beard and a new, hip point of view. Carlin's specialty is very dry humor—so dry that once in a while it ceases to be funny. But when he's good, he'll crack you up. He does TV game shows even better than FT—his announcer oozes *extreme* unction as he hassles contestants through *Divorce Game*. My own favorite Carlin routine is the Eleven O'Clock News ("First, the headlines: Good Humor man slays ten . . . Diver Jacques Cousteau dies in bathtub mishap . . . Malnutrition dies of childhood disease"), the best such since the one Bob and Ray did fifteen years ago on a record I can't find to save my life. The new Carlin appears on *FM and AM* (Little David, LD-7214).

CHEECH AND CHONG are (respectively) a Chicano and a Chinese; they're young, bouncy, and their dope jokes grow tiresome, but they do some good things—Jesus being turned back at the Mexican border ("I have children all over the world." "Oh, you are a rock-n-roll star!"); the discovery of yet another ancient black blues singer, Blind Melon Chitlin, whose one and only song is totally incomprehensible and totally obscene; yet another California used-car commercial. The pair's first album is *Cheech and Chong* (Ode, SP-77010); I haven't heard their second, just out, *Big Bambu* (Ode, SP-77014). □

The GIMLET EYE

D. KEITH MANO

Boop, Boop . . .

Nifty wire contacts dangle from my earlobes; I feel like an electronic drag queen. Another contact is pasted to the back of my skull. For fifteen minutes or so I squeeze out boops—this is a five-buck demonstration session at the Alphagenics Institute. The boops mark alpha waves: selected grunts and groans of my brain. The room is dark; my eyes are shut. I'm a competitive type, I figure I'm doing pretty good for a rookie. Some nice two-second boops. There's a trick to it, roll your eyes up like a Momma doll on its back. Eye isometrics: it hurts a bit. Couple months of exercise and I can bench press two hundred pounds with my optic muscles.

But it's a vicious cycle: Make the boop and your brain says, "Ha, that's a good one," and silence . . . the boop is gone. This negative feedback is intentional: meant to prepare you for alpha production under stress. There's a contradiction between relax and concentrate. And yet there is no contradiction. As the Buddhists say, "Emptiness makes the cup useful." But emptiness requires a conscious effort.

THE TECHNICIAN examines my EEG tape. He's not impressed. He shows me virtuoso boops made by prize students. I'm embarrassed: My alpha seismography shows pathetic sawtooth tremors, the edge of a grapefruit knife. But for only $175 I can develop my alpha faculty in ten instructional sessions. Or for $150 I can train the frontalis muscles of my forehead to heel, roll over, play dead. Yes, be the first on your block with an obedient forehead.

Why? The brain generates waves—delta, beta, alpha, theta—which are measured by their amplitude and frequency. Delta waves occur in sleep. Beta is associated with rapid mental activity (schizophrenic EEG graphs show extreme beta with "spikes" on it). Alpha represents a relaxed, "meditative" state. Theta waves are still subject to interpretation, provisionally correlated with creative work, free association: the image-making period just before sleep. The Alphagenics Institute in New York (and several others nationwide) trains by "bio-feedback," by boops or lights; some very sophisticated feedback devices input kidney, gastric, heart data, producing a light show of your body functions. Like the golf club that clicks when your swing is true: a teaching device.

Extensive empirical research has been done since the late 1930s. Presumably gurus in an advanced meditative state radiate alpha. Tests have been made on people who regularly shove needles through their cheeks, walk on coals: They produce alpha waves of a vintage grade, sufficient evidently to squelch pain. Medical applications have been tried with some success: to relieve high blood pressure, migraine, insomnia. Of course alpha is available by the quart. I like about two fingers with soda and just one ice cube. Intoxication makes alpha. On the other hand alpha training doesn't cause garrulousness or an urge to slug the bartender. AA—Alpha Anonymous.

THERE IS an intense rivalry between Alphagenics and organizations like Cyborg, which rent a boop-at-home machine for $50 a month. The device comes with "adjustable threshold, high common mode rejection, all integrated circuitry" (an equal opportunity feedback?). Cheaper in the long run, though you miss an instructor's advice. To counter this objection Cyborg supplies "a cassette tape containing techniques and procedures to relax the student and to help him obtain the desired altered state of consciousness." Great party toy, I should think, with a special trade discount for monasteries—I can see alpha as an aptitude test for novitiates, as a barometer of local prayer intensity. . . .

I sound skeptical. I am. Not skeptical of the scientific principles, they've been well substantiated. Skeptical of the promises, always carefully implicit. No one at Alphagenics (or any similar organization) would dare suggest that ten sessions on the boop meter will knead your arteries soft again, take the pep out of peptic ulcer, make Paul McCartney trek to you for a spiritual consultation. Hardly: Ralph Nader or Louis Lefkowitz would pinch contacts on their earlobes within a week. But the literature appeals purposefully to a mystic palate. The second or third sentence is inevitably, "Eastern mystics trained in meditation . . ." (Cyborg); "High alpha patterns have been observed in individuals who have mas-

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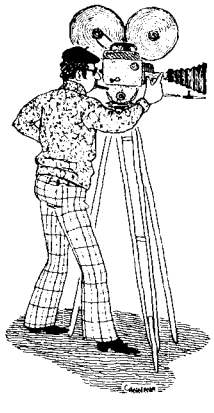
tered the art of transcendental meditation, yoga and zen" (Alphagenics). One representative of Alphagenics is quoted in a handout as having said: "The object of the training is not only to learn how to produce Alpha . . . but equally important, how to move out of that mode. Alpha, it has been proven again and again, is the prelude to something else." One senses that the last two words were capitalized by the speaker's intonation: Something Else.

What else? Theta, maybe. Alpha, with the usual lifespan of fads, has already become just a bit old-fashioned. Anyway, it's too easy. A close relative took the full course. By the tenth session, she could pretty much play "Yankee Doodle Dandy" in waltz time on the machine. So what? But theta: the Cyborg literature says that theta patterns are related to "inner visualization, memory, imagery, creativity." Creativity: everyone wants that. The very tacit suggestion is—master theta and you'll be writing *Finnegans Wake* on the office memo pads. Yet, when pressed, spokesmen admit that they don't really know what the effects of theta are. And theta, unlike alpha, is damned hard to produce.

Now I DON'T doubt for one moment that both theta and alpha exist—that they influence the brain, are influenced by the brain. In general the human brain astonishes me. But proficiency in either is a matter of inherent aptitude. Probably not one in a hundred who pays the admission fee has time or talent or dogged determination enough to make it work significantly. And those few could probably succeed without the machine. Bio-Feedback Training is interesting and certainly harmless, but . . .



But BFT is a perfect creature of the time. It combines religious, especially Eastern religious, aspects with novelty, with advanced scientific concepts. Man is a religious species without faith. He can't help himself, he wants to find the Something Else: It's a God-given reflex. And those who cannot pray will be preyed upon. □

FILM

DAVID BRUDNOY

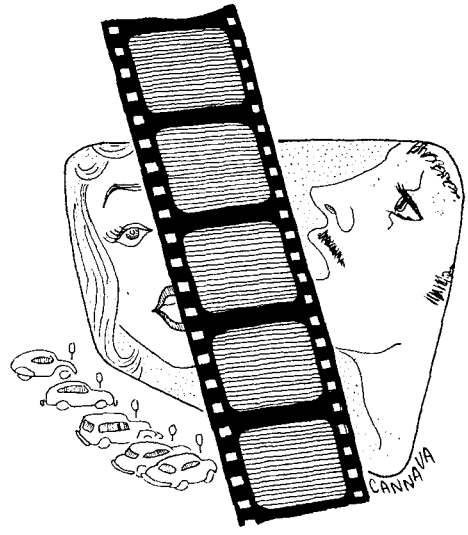
Beyond Samurai and Godzilla

As every American knows, Japan produces the world's porniest porn, best TVs and cameras, most suicide-prone writers and endless horror flicks and bloody epics about medieval warriors lopping off one another's heads. Determined film-goers here have almost surely fidgeted through at least one samurai flick, sworn off them and yet returned, grumbling, to see just one more, then declared: never again. Having dragooned various friends screaming and kicking to movie houses to marvel at the latest great seventeenth-century tale, starring, as always, Toshiro Mifune gussied up in High Daimyo Drag, I feel rather like the little boy who cried wolf once too often. But here goes: Please give Japanese film two more chances; namely, director Yasujiro Ozu's *Late Spring*, made in 1949, and his *Tokyo Story* of 1953, both on these shores for the first time.

Ozu died in 1962, his 35 years of film-making highly acclaimed in Japan and Europe, but unknown in America. Both films now making the rounds here employ the device of mundane domestic relationships to express Ozu's concern with the timeless theme of human affections coming unraveled over time. Both star Chishu Ryu, who appeared in all but two of Ozu's 54 films, as an old man gradually deprived of the comforts of family. And both juxtapose, as much of the finest Japanese art has for ages, images of human frailty with majestic scenes of nature's bounty.

Late Spring and *Tokyo Story* alike portray a selfless girl whose love for the old man sets her apart. In *Late Spring*, the girl relinquishes a life of her own until forced to leave the nest by her father. This film is perhaps the easier of the two for Americans to appreciate. We don't often *do* it here, but we *chatter* a lot about how good it is for children to be nice to their parents. That the girl is perfectly willing to devote herself to papa, but that papa knows best and so sends her out on her own, comforts us. It's so mythic-American. *Tokyo Story*, on the other hand, is at times almost unbearably painful, offhandedly revealing the awkward truth that children grow apart from, and indifferent to, their parents.

Ozu's technique is identical in both films. His movies are shot from stationary cameras; no fancy angles, always straight on from floor-sitting height. No melodramatic mood music; invariably unobtrusive traditional tunes or faintly heard singing. Dialogue is deliberately banal, the sort of drivel that passes for conversation in most families, East and West. Characters are rarely heroic, never villainous, but each has his quirk or two, and each reveals his character in believable contexts. The much-vaunted Japanese "delicacy,"



which so often simply infuriates or exasperates Western observers because of its cloyedness, crops up seldom in Ozu's films. While samurai heads do not roll, neither do those damn cicadas chirp forever 'midst those quaintly ever-present cherry trees.

THE "PLOT" of *Tokyo Story* exemplifies the Ozu style. An aged couple journey to Tokyo from their remote village, there realizing that their son and daughter and their offspring's spouses are really too busy to give the folks a good time. Only their widowed daughter-in-law, eight years after her husband's death—or reported death; he is missing in action—extends herself on

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David Brudnoy *got hooked on Japanese films as an exchange student in Fukui Prefecture in 1957. . . .* **Aram Bakshian** *is on the White House staff.*

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their behalf. She's almost too good to be true, while the others are too true to be much good. After the disappointing sojourn to Tokyo, the parents return to their home, where the mother quickly falls into a coma. The children come to her bedside, all but the loving daughter-in-law a bit put off by the bother. Mother dies, and in no time, all of them except this lovely woman are into their stylized grief number and quickly out of it and back to the big city. Father, left with his young unmarried daughter and the Tokyo daughter-in-law, begins to come to grips with his new situation. A train carries the daughter-in-law off to Tokyo. The sky. The End.

BRIEFLY: *Butterflies Are Free* is for those who gave their hearts to *Love Story*, for the matinee matrons and the just pubescent teeny- and queenie-boppers who require a good cry to get their money's worth at the movies. Despite Goldie Hawn as the girl next door and Edward Albert as the blind boy trying to make do alone, away from the clutches of his overprotective mom, played like an almost bearable Sophie Portnoy by Eileen Heckart, *Butterflies* is mostly foam.

Yet even a moment's perusal of the newspaper ads give ample warning of what to expect from *Butterflies*. Not so with *Fuzz*, which you might think is a droll cop-comedy if you look only at the title and the ads showing Burt Reynolds in his naked *Cosmopolitan* pose. Ladies yearning for Burt in the buff had best stick to his centerfold, but in *Fuzz* you can catch him in a nun's habit, mustache and all, and being set afire by kids out greening America. You are also invited to contemplate Raquel Welch playing girl detective (a mind-boggler equivalent to imagining Norman Mailer doing the dishes), Yul Brynner being set on fire (same kids), several guys shot dead and another couple blown up in their limousine. You can thrill to policemen of every acceptable shade and ethnicity fulfilling the American Dream of Brotherhood in Blue, and you can try to find a way to decide whether this is a mirthless comedy smudged irrevocably by the nastiest of brutality, or a serious flick ravaged by the disease of unconscionable flippancy. You can also see Boston looking lovely, but at three bucks a throw, I'd call *Fuzz* a grade-Z rip-off. □

DELECTATIONS

ARAM BAKSHIAN JR.

Washington on the Danube

Washington is not much of a town for dining out. Recent years have seen the burgeoning of a restaurant industry of sorts, but the bulk of it consists of mediocre steak houses and bogus French and Italian spots with bland, bowdlerized versions of authentic national cuisine. Fortunately, there are a few exceptions and, on a recent Sunday evening, I found myself weaving through a basement corridor of the old Broadmoor on Connecticut Avenue toward one of them, a place called Csikós.

The cuisine at Csikós is mainly Hungarian, the ambiance Viennese. It boasts one of the few gainfully employed cymbalon players in the United States, a skilled musician who once toured with the Kovach and Rabovsky troupe, and whose repertoire of melodies for the mellow Hungarian national instrument is impressive. His violinist partner, another expatriate Magyar, is a storehouse of Viennese operetta tunes, Brahms and native dances. Both of them long ago unearthed my secret fondness for the work of composer Emmerich Kalman, and so my evenings at Csikós usually begin with the pleasant score from *Csardasfürstin* followed later in the evening, if my lady guests have returned a few of the violinist's smiles, by a medley from *Gräfin Mariza*, another Kalman favorite.

A little strong on the schmaltz perhaps, but perfect for the setting—late nineteenth-/early twentieth-century Vienna, home of a charming synthesis of German, Magyar and Slavic cultures until nationalism reared its ugly head and much of the Danube ran red. The whole dining room evokes the old *Kaiserstadt*, except for a large air-conditioning unit in a far corner, its steady, sullen hum reminding one that the time is now, and the humidity Washington's.

The menu at Csikós is challenging, lengthy and written in a tiny, crabbed hand, in English and Magyar. It is worth studying, though after the first few visits, you will probably have made up your mind what to order before opening it—and your "regular" waiter will probably have second-guessed you and put your favorite wine on ice already. Appetizers include an excellent Hungarian salami, a good pâté, some conventional American items and generous slices of the best smoked salmon to be found anywhere in the country, the antithesis of the typically greasy, over-salty stuff sold in most delicatessens.

There are several good soups, including a savory Hungarian fish soup, and the entrées include a wide selection of game, poultry, fish, beef, pork, lamb and veal, served with appropriate salads, vegetables and dumplings. The rabbit, jäger style, and the roast duckling with red cabbage are two of my favorites, but the *Wienerschnitzel* is lighter and just as well-prepared.

The wine list is mainly Danubian, and interesting. State vineyards in Hungary do not turn out any wines of the first order, but they still produce, at reasonable price and in good quantity, a number of highly potable vintages, including a bracingly tart, dry *Rizling*, a very heavy, full-flavored red aptly dubbed *Egri Bikaver* (Bull's Blood), and, if your taste runs to the sweet, *Tokai*. A word of warning on *Tokai*, however. Some exported *Tokai*, and most non-Hungarian versions, are watery and characterless. The real thing, as a recently deceased former sergeant of hussars in the old Royal-Imperial Army fondly used to remind me (between sips) is "thick enough to cut with a knife."

Not everyone, after wading through soup, appetizer, entrée and a bottle or two, will find himself up to dessert at Csikós. More than once, I have seen strong men tremble at the slow but inexorable approach of the pastry cart, despite the enticing variety and quality of the tortes it carried. As one of a long line of trenchermen, I seldom feel such qualms myself, though I usually prefer a dessert crêpe filled with apricot.

If all this sounds a trifle heavy, a trifle overdone, take in a little more of the violin, the cymbalon, and, especially, the *Sliwowitz* before leaving Csikós and threading your way back through the bowels of the Broadmoor to the subterranean parking lot. A little schmaltz for the soul's sake never harmed anyone. Tomorrow one can reckon the ravages of cholesterol. For tonight, at least until the first hints of indigestion strike up, all is well with the world, and quiet flows the Danube . . . □

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HARVEY

(Continued from page 1007)

decided to abolish completely the death penalty for murder, armed robberies in London numbered 702; by 1969, the last year of Greenwood's study, they had jumped to nine hundred fifty. The use of firearms in these robberies—rather than other weapons such as iron coshes or knives, increased from nineteen cases in 1956 to 272 cases by 1969. And a report just released shows an appalling increase of 42 per cent in murders in 1971 over the year before—177 murders in 1971 as against 106 in 1970.

There is no way to explain why conviction figures both for murder and manslaughter increased so steeply after 1957—along with armed robberies, firearms offenses, and annual figures for all indictable offenses known to the police—without noticing that, until 1957, the killing of another human being, whether in cold blood, in a robbery or in the heat of personal passion, always meant a "murder" trial and, except in cases of insanity, a strong probability that the killer would hang. After passage of the 1957 Homicide Act, criminals stayed away from guns—and kicked or bludgeoned or knifed their victims to death—only until it became clear that even to kill someone with a gun in Britain no longer meant that you would have to hang for murder. Your lawyer might now plead manslaughter: If he failed, there was now always an appeal. And it is still that way in Britain, for even with the death penalty completely removed from the books, you can appeal to have your murder conviction changed to "attempted murder" or "wounding with intent"—even though the victims are all dead—and be out of prison again in two or three years.

The failure of gun controls in Britain is probably the best evidence available anywhere in the world to demonstrate that it is only capital punishment—the criminal's fear of "judicial homicide"—which deters the predators in human society from taking the lives of innocent victims if they are strong enough, are armed with firearms, and know they won't die for the murder they have committed. These British figures are relatively unknown in the U.S. They would have had relevance in the congressional debate on gun control that followed in the wake of the Wallace assassination attempt. □

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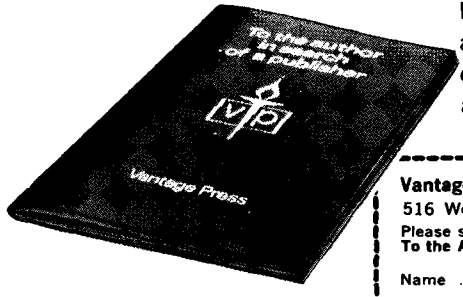

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REED

(Continued from page 1008)

emerging Southern city seems to be about as segregated as its Northern counterpart, and it is possible today for a young Southerner to grow up without more than casual contact with the other race—a rarity as recently as forty years ago.)

There is a third reason, however, for hoping that the South may come out of the current turmoil in better shape than the North: The emergent themes in black rhetoric may strike a more responsive chord among white Southerners than among other white folks. "Black pride" translates as the proposition that a man should be proud of what he is—which might appeal to a people as idiosyncratic, and proud of it, as white Southerners. "Black power" can mean simply self-determination and freedom from outside meddling—another down home note. And the abandonment of nonviolence seems to mean that if someone is pushing you around, you hit him—the time-honored Southern white response, and one that may strain our empathic powers less than did saintly self-restraint.

A nonviolent and assimilationist ideology was demonstrably effective in overcoming legal barriers to equality, but when it comes to getting Southern whites to respect those newly won rights and their holders, it may make more sense to talk in terms which we can understand. After three hundred years of exposure to us, black folks seem to have learned their lessons well. As long as they keep their message pure and simple, Southern whites may come to see its reason and justice. □

ELLITHORPE

(Continued from page 1010)

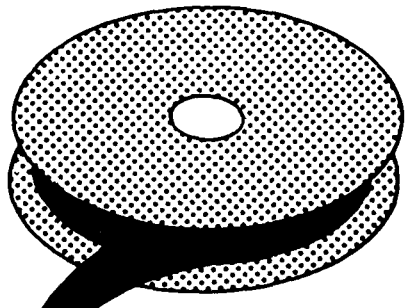
Nixon might prove to be implacable. Recent visitors to Hanoi report Communist officials with whom they talked are not convinced that McGovern will win, nor are they certain that he would carry out promises he has made.

More to the point, they appreciate that street support for the antiwar movement is well down this year in the United States. They were chagrined that world opinion failed universally to condemn the resumption of bombing of the North.

Giap's armies, while falling short of many of their objectives, have not yet been decisively defeated. They constitute a powerful force, perhaps sufficient to achieve one final victory. The battle will probably come before the monsoons. During the next two months cloud cover will build up in the mountain valleys west of Hué, cutting down the effectiveness of American bombing but not interrupting ground movement.

Strangely, the 1972 invasion which, said the pundits, proved the failure of Vietnamization, may ultimately prove the opposite. In spite of more than four months of continuous battling, the ARVN forces are functioning like a well-oiled machine. Replacements are being trained and moved into line units. Logistics systems are functioning smoothly. Intelligence collection is still good. Battle maneuvers are professionally executed. Command structure has definitely improved. Morale in the prime units is good and even territorial forces show fighting spirit.

Whether the ARVN can withstand the approaching test is an open question. President Nixon may have some uneasy moments before the battle results are known, but so will Giap. □



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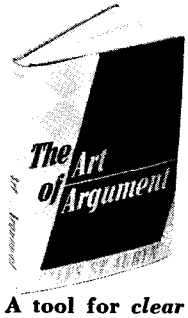

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LETTERS

(Continued from page 986)

Marijuana

Re your paragraph on the decriminalization of marijuana ["The Week," Aug. 18], perhaps you'll indulge one tormented parent's comments on the effects of pot on young people.

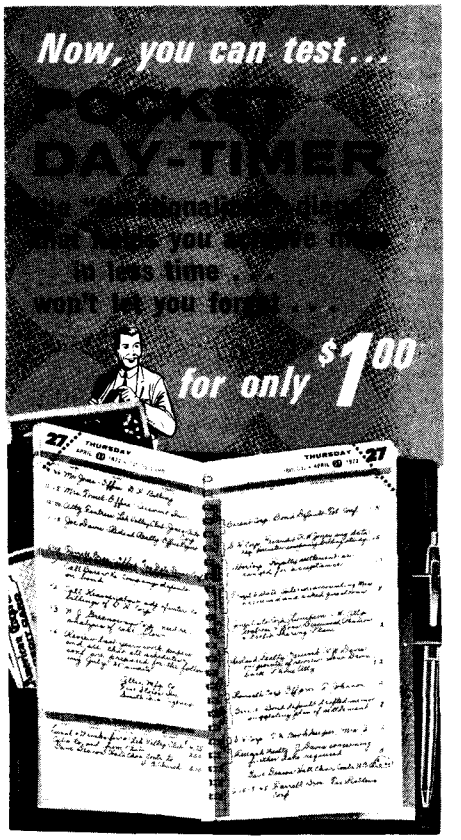
I hark back to William Buckley's column about two years ago on a Canadian Report on marijuana as probably the lone voice for some kind of reason in the welter of overwhelming nonsense published and spoken by liberal "experts," mainly entertainment world celebrities sitting on television panels. The consensus, put forth as the Word made Truth, is that marijuana is "harmless," "non-addictive," "no worse than one martini" etc.

None of these people, including those on presidential commissions, mention the statistics coming from the rehabilitation centers for drug-addicted youngsters, to wit: Anywhere from 85 per cent to 95 per cent of the eighteen-year-old (average age for these centers) heroin *users* (but not yet hard-core addicts) started on pot. Hardly a fourteen or fifteen year old exists who can handle one joint better than one can of beer. And there's always some kid on hand to offer a better high—which accounts for the reckless experimentation among these teen-agers with the whole gamut from alcohol to pot to pills to LSD to speed to the Big H. Ask any mother or father who's tried to instill decent moral values and behavior standards in a son or daughter *not* deprived of good food, shelter, clothing and loving parents to tell about the end results: A nineteen year old wrecked physically by hepatitis, VD and many other physiological side effects of drugs. A mental wreck as well—sometimes literally when brain damage occurs —and guilt-ridden at having been a thief, a prostitute, a liar, a street derelict and even a failed suicide.

What I wish to re-emphasize is that the Canadian Report seemed to be most conclusive and significant. Yet Mr. Buckley's column was the only printed material I ever saw on the subject and many of the parents who shared my agony at the time of my child's rehabilitation period had never even heard of the column.

But I have one more comment which may be enlightening: My youngster, on his way back from the five years in a nightmare world, has not yet made it all the way. Still feeling the need of a high, he will turn to "pot" now and then. The result? An immediate change of personality from calm and responsible to loud, abusive, profane, and with faulty judgment about time and space. There is no doubt he still needs therapy, but who's to convince him that "harmless pot" may yet be as much a monkey on his back as that other hideous one mounted there not so long ago?

Tuckahoe, N.Y. NAME WITHHELD



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VICTORSON

(Continued from page 1011)

got their first real break when Texas went for Eisenhower in 1952 fear they may lose control of the party machinery to the energetic upstarts from Houston (mostly converted Democrats) who believe in winning rather than gentlemanly deals and cautious schemes of coexistence with the Democrats. Jimmy Banks, a former top political columnist for the *Dallas Morning News*, quoted a member of the party's State Executive Committee back in 1968 as saying: "Some of the party leaders had rather lose with an old-guard, life-long Republican than with a well-known 'convert' from the Democratic Party."

Tower himself, who first squeaked by in 1961 in a fluke election (beating the lackluster LBJ appointee) has frequently stated that Texas will never be a real two-party state until the Republicans elect a governor. This year they have the best chance to do it since the Civil War. □

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

A Strategy for Nixon

On The Right

Miami, Aug. 22—Ronald Reagan delivered what was in effect the keynote address at the Republican Convention. It had everything. It ranked with the great performances of Walter Judd in 1960 and Clare Boothe Luce in 1948. It did cause listeners here and again to wince: and that is an interesting psychological datum. An influential supporter of George McGovern, who listened to the speech and greatly admired the professional performance, commented wryly that a few more such speeches were exactly what McGovern now needs. He had in mind the toughness of Mr. Reagan's criticism. What Reagan said, in effect, was that McGovern is an addlepated incompetent who emits little moonbeams that cause some of the children and the zoo sections of the academy to howl, but there is meanwhile a world to run and what it comes down to it is an act of great impudence for George McGovern so to distract the Republic.

Now I happen to believe that Mr. Reagan is right on target. But my McGovernite friend may be correct. It may be correct that you cannot get away with saying about McGovern and his policies the kind of thing one is tempted to say about them because you will merely stir up resentment, and increase the sympathy for McGovern. I understand the point, but I wonder why it is that the same principle didn't seem to apply where Goldwater was involved eight years ago. In those days it became almost routine to liken the rise of Barry Goldwater, the world's most decent and genial man, to the rise of Adolph Hitler. The comparison was in fact made in the course of a fortnight by George Meany, Martin Luther King and Emanuel Celler. Into this civil tradition George McGovern has fallen. He too likened the rise of Goldwater to the rise of Hitler, and how he has said about Richard Nixon that his involvement in Vietnam is done for his personal political convenience, and that in fact his assault on Vietnam is the equal of the atrocities committed by Adolf Hitler.

But when Ronald Reagan says about George McGovern that he is America's most forthright invitation to disaster, we are taught suddenly the virtues of gentility: and indeed, as I say, we find ourselves wincing. Isn't it cruel to say such things about George McGovern?

You could always make the case that your manners ought to be better than those of the people you criticize. But you are dealing now in abstractions. The fact of the matter is that even if Richard Nixon wins next November in the biggest landslide since James Madison, the reigning verbalists will continue to be left-Democrats. And they have two sets of rules: the one about what is the language appropriate for liberals to use against conservatives, the other about the language appropriate for conservatives to use against liberals.

I think my friend therefore to be correct in his judgment. Prominent Republicans had better take it easy in the language they use to describe George McGovern. No doubt Mr. Nixon is haunted by the memory of Thomas E. Dewey, whose weightiest phrase in the 1948 campaign was "The future lies before us." But without quite going that far, Richard Nixon might appropriately adopt the attitude that everybody makes mistakes, the Democratic Convention in Miami made mistakes, and charity requires that we not allude to it more than absolutely necessary in order to transact the business at hand. Properly handled, Mr. Nixon could leave the impression that the historical discovery wasn't what McGovern found out about Eagleton, but what Eagleton found out about McGovern. As a graduate student recently wrote to NATIONAL REVIEW, "the Eagleton flap was unfortunate, but it had a political point: McGovern's running-mate should be a man of unquestionable stability. One of the axioms of American politics is that the ticket must be balanced."

By contrast, the likelihood is that the Democrats, sensing the desperate state of their situation, will become increasingly sibilant. Having used up Hitler and the extermination of the Jews, to compare with Nixon and his Vietnam policies, it is not clear exactly where they can go: i.e., they have not left themselves very much room to intensify their campaign against Nixon. Recent polls indicate that the American community profoundly approves of Nixon's handling of Vietnam, and by deduction disapproves of McGovern's extraordinary statements about what would happen to Thieu if McGovern were elected. But McGovern will presumably not want to be drawn into a general denunciation of the American People. On the other hand, who knows, who knows? □

SQUARING IT WITH GEORGE

Miami, Aug. 23—Representative Peter Frelinghuysen of New Jersey, who served on the Republican Platform Committee, put it rather bluntly. "This is the President's Party." Thus did the ladies and gentlemen, convening to bring up to date the gaggle of principles, aspirations, compromises and dissimulations that comprise the party platform, dispose of the dispute between what the President wanted and what, manifestly, the Platform Committee wanted. They compromised on what the White House wanted. That tends to happen when a conflict emerges between a sitting President and an ad hoc committee.

The compromise in question is on the right-to-work laws. The Republican Party has never come out for a national right-to-work law. Most of its leaders have taken comfort in the notion that states' rights make it a state rather than a federal matter. The same comfort taken by Senator George McGovern, who suddenly discovered that states' rights are a dreamy way of disposing of the obligation of taking a position on abortion. But when under Lyndon Johnson Big Labor moved to ride roughshod over the states and forbid right-to-work by repealing Section 14b of the Taft-Hartley Act, the Republican vote went pretty solidly in opposition: with the result that those states that have right-to-work continue to have it. In 1968, the Republican platform strongly reaffirmed (though in language somewhat oblique) its dedication to the right of states to make their own decisions on the subject.

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And the platform went so far as to say, "basic rights of some workers guaranteed by law are inadequately guarded against abuse. We will assure those rights through vigorous enforcement of present laws, including the Taft-Hartley Act, and the Landrum-Griffin Act, and the addition of new protections where needed." Well, they didn't find any new protections during the ensuing four years. What they found was a terrific opportunity to weaken the traditional ties between organized labor and the Democratic Party. And the progressive weakening of those ties turns out to be the Republican platform of 1972, where organized labor is concerned.

I would like to see a President, someday, challenged by a contender in a national television debate a week or two before election day on some point or other in his party's platform reply: "Sorry, I haven't had an opportunity to read my party's platform." Let alone be influenced by it. But somehow the myth of the platform's meaning survives. Richard Whalen tells in his book *Catch the Falling Flag* an amusing story. He is in Miami, see, as one of Richard Nixon's speechwriters in 1968 and word comes down from Nixon headquarters in New York that the plank relating to the budget is to be accepted verbatim—no changes. But it happens that at Whalen's side is a distinguished economist who points out that there is a grave economic solecism written into the passage as it stands. Whalen routinely undertakes to rewrite it in order to iron out the problem. Great concern is thereupon expressed by the Nixon people: How can you rewrite a plank if Nixon wants it the way it is? They continue to make fun of the charming legislator in Indiana who years ago got up to propose that the burdens upon school children be lightened by declaring that henceforward the value of pi should be declared to be an even three, instead of the troublesome 3.1416. One wonders whether even the urbane Mr. Frelinghuysen would, in his current mood, have objected to rounding out the value of pi, if President Nixon had asked for it. After all, it's the President's Party.

THE Republican Party has a shaky history, but it had more or less stood for the survival of the free market, and the constituent pieces of it: which means the right of John Jones to work for somebody on terms suitable to both of them. The Platform Committee felt the need to reaffirm the Republic's concern over the grave pressures on freedom, inflation, on a responsive market, imposed by monopoly, coast-to-coast, labor unions. But Mr. Nixon quite clearly wants to beat McGovern by taking not 51 per cent of the vote next November but 91 per cent. He no doubt has made points with George Meany, but he had better look after what the boys in the White House call the EQ, the Enthusiasm Quotient among his natural supporters. It slipped on this one. □

THE PRESIDENT'S SONG

Miami, Aug. 24 —The general jubilation of the Republicans has been very widely noticed, and indeed the pollsters reveal that if the election were held tomorrow Richard Nixon would win very heavily. The complacency has generated the sense of caution to which President Nixon has alluded as at all costs to be avoided.

In Miami it was pretty much a carnival, and of course Democratic critics leaped to make a comparison between the Nixon Convention and the McGovern Convention. They did not reach back for further precedents because, indeed, the Nixon Convention resembles most closely the Roosevelt Conventions of yesteryear, when Roosevelt ruled supreme though to be sure he took the precaution of checking things with Sidney. But as the Republicans survey the scene, they feel they cannot easily account for their blessings. For the Democrats to nominate McGovern, *and* for Wallace to withdraw from the race at one and the same time is simply—too much. So much too much as to cause them to lose their judgment? . . .

I have come across an omen of what I consider to be hard evidence that there is a little cool intelligence still at work within the Republican Party notwithstanding the euphoria. The circumstances are these. At the big gala on Sunday evening, the party charged $500 per person, for the worst dinner ever served since the discovery of fire, capped by a red wine perfectly suited to the meal. Well, we thought, the GOP needs the money; and then there was an evening's entertainment nicely emceed by Art Linkletter, who introduced John Wayne as a hero who had won all the wars he had ever fought in. Mrs. Nixon came in, escorted by Senator Dominick, under a floodlight, and on the way to her table was greeted so amorously by one male guest whose features we could not distinguish that the question arose: Who could he be? I volunteered the suggestion that it must be Nixon. But I was proved wrong—it was an old family friend. Mrs. Nixon then sat down comfortably at the table with Governor and Mrs. Rockefeller, but after all she has had very good training, having only a few months ago sat between Chou En-lai and Madame Mao Tse-tung.

I was about to tell you of the residual Cool Intelligence. Well, the next morning I came across a distinguished and very affluent Republican who was morosely strolling the hotel corridor shaking his head ever so slightly, ever so sadly. What was wrong? He told me that he had composed a special song, together with lyrics, for the presidential campaign. The gentleman is very well connected and has had no trouble at all in securing an audition at which, he told me, it was instantly agreed to inaugurate "The President's Song," as he straightforwardly called it, at the gala banquet the night before.

What happened?

Well he said, unaccountably the master of ceremonies simply *forgot* to bring on the singer who was supposed to premiere the great political campaign song. At this point he reached from a mimeograph pile he was carrying and delivered it to me. I must share it with you.

"Good evening Mr. President I want to shake your hand/ You fought a left-wing Congress four long years to stop our land/ From going socialistic in the phony welfare way/ Designed and planned by JFK and then by LBJ./ You got us back upon the track but still there's much to do/ So we're giving you a landslide vote November '72."

BEFORE I had an opportunity to express my dismay at Mr. Linkletter's failure to launch "The President's Song," I was shown a second song. This one, my friend said, would make it unnecessary for Spiro Agnew to deliver an acceptance speech. He would need only to sing:

"The Vice President's Song":

"Good evening Spiro Agnew we are proud to have you here/ You talk the sort of language real Americans want to hear/ Straight from the shoulder no-holds-barred, you don't beguile our youth/ With sugar-coated fairy tales, you tell the honest truth./ We want no handouts for sitting on our tails/ This breeds a nation soft as dough instead of tough as nails/ It's time our country's voters of all ages got the word/ That welfare's no proud eagle but a soft permissive bird."

As I say, somebody up there still loves the Republican Party. At this point the only weapon the Democrats have that could conceivably give them a victory in November is "The President's Song" and "The Vice-President's Song." Call it *their* Watergate Caper. □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. To make keen or more acute — 71 28 174 161

B. One of the Confederate states — 110 135 124 75 210 49 188 149

C. One of Louisa May Alcott's works — 116 136 10 50 191 82 43 72 126

D. A hanger-on who seeks advantage or gain — 157 137 176 61 11

E. A type of theatre — 194 128 186 148 106 15 217 163

F. With this and WORD C you can stage a midget's football game — 197 121 107 46 16 200 179 132 84

G. To fasten firmly — 203 141 3 184 17

H. A place in Atlantic County, N. J. — 207 89 127 94 211 134 159 53 170 23 152 27 146

I. An Australian bird — 2 21 13

J. A policeman will give you this (he'll sell it if to the policemen's ball — 212 190 96 204 4 182

K. Any of a genus of succulent often glaucous herbs with irregular often showy flowers — 220 6 154 209 73 216 199 205 52

L. A lull — 12 74 109 18 62 139 123

M. An organization from which workers get benefits (and detriments) — 22 142 178 97 172

N. An extremely volatile liquid obtained from petroleum — 38 129 185 169 119 63 56 175 112

O. What the well-dressed Ku Kluxer wore — 5 48 70 79 91 14 25 30 88

P. The state flower of WORD B — 130 37 55 64 77 173 213 202 92 151 45 189

Q. Apollo changed this Babylonian princess into a fragrant plant — 166 65 156 101 57 20 164 122 193

R. A platform atop a roof, used as a lookout for incoming ships — 215 115 158 162 201 223 1 34 41 86

S. Unscramble BEET BID — 51 40 222 102 192 206 31

T. Housing built with free givernment money — 81 133 113 66 155 47 131

U. A group of vessels that has to move quickly — 177 98 36 42 67

V. To free from a state of dependence, servitude, or obligation — 19 26 33 76 144 168 44 24 103 140 165

W. An action for the recovery of goods or chattels wrongfully taken or detained — 85 117 58 99 219 7 195 69

X. To shine or send forth brilliantly — 95 181 196 171 108 218 8

Y. Don't try to play footnotes on it — 138 183 167 60 198 180 9 118

Z. Either of two slender, creeping, evergreen, caprifoliaceous plants — 153 78 125 145 187 32 221 83 100 111

w. Not built in a day but burnt in a night — 35 39 143 150

x. An itemized bill — 68 104 208 214 80 147 160

y. To move lightly and swiftly — 54 59 87 93

z. A low number — 29 90 105 114 120

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 1028 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.

						1 R	2 I	3 G	4 J		5 O	6 K	7 W	8 X	9 Y		10 C	11 D	12 L			
13 I	14 O	15 E	16 F		17 G	18 L	19 V	20 Q		21 I	22 M	23 H	24 V		25 O	26 V		27 H	28 A			
29 z		30 O	31 S	32 Z	33 V	34 R	35 w	36 U		37 P	38 N	39 w	40 S	41 R	42 U	43 C		44 V	45 P			
46 F	47 T	48 O	49 B	50 C	51 S	52 K		53 H	54 y		55 P	56 N	57 Q	58 W	59 y	60 Y		61 D	62 L			
63 N	64 P	65 Q	66 T	67 U	68 x	69 W	70 O		71 A	72 C	73 K	74 L	75 B	76 V	77 P		78 Z	79 O	80 x			
81 T	82 C		83 Z	84 F	85 W	86 R	87 y	88 O	89 H		90 z	91 O	92 P		93 y	94 H	95 X		96 J			
97 M	98 U	99 W	100Z	101Q	102S	103V	104x	105z		106E	107F	108X	109L	110B	111Z	112N		113T	114z			
115R	116C	117W		118Y	119N	120z		121F	122Q	123L	124B	125Z	126C	127H		128E	129N	130P	131T			
	132F	133T	134H	135B	136C	137D	138Y		139L	140V		141G	142M		143W	144V	145Z	146H				
147x	148E	149B	150w	151P		152H	153Z		154K	155T	156Q	157D	158R		159H	160x		161A	162R			
	163E	164Q	165V		166Q	167Y	168V	169N	170H	171X	172M		173P	174A	175N	176D	177U	178M	179F			
	180Y	181X		182J	183Y	184G	185N	186E		187Z	188B	189P	190J	191C	192S	193Q	194E		195W			
196X		197F	198Y	199K	200F		201R	202P	203G	204J	205K	206S		207H	208x	209K	210B		211H			
212J		213P	214x	215R	216K	217E	218X	219W		220K	221Z	222S	223R									

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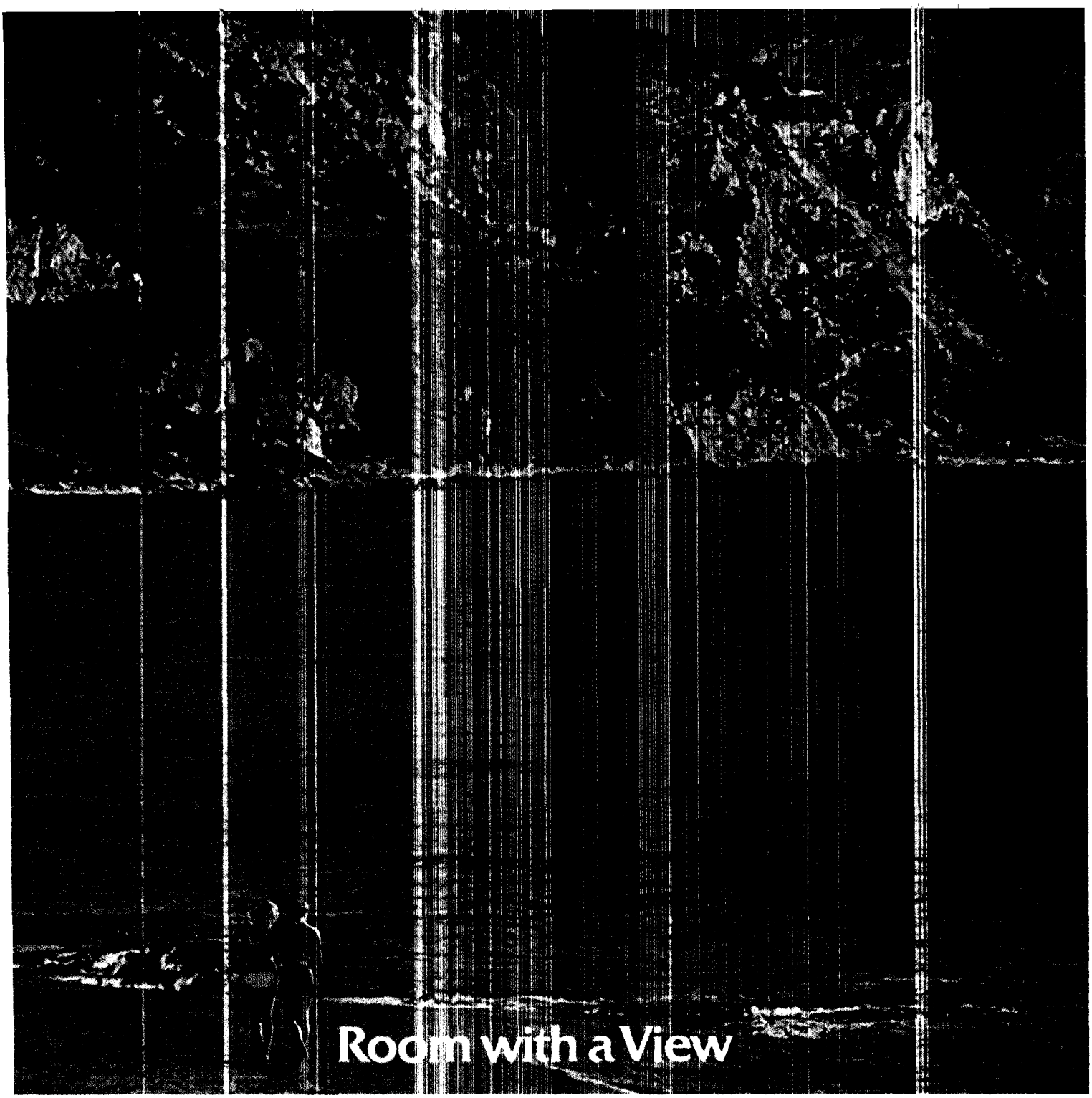

The wide open spaces of Greece are all yours in the fall.

Because that's when the summer bunch has all gone away. But summer hasn't.

So you'll have lots of leg room as you stroll a private beach tucked away in Crete and Rhodes.

Lots of elbow room as you drink up the warm, sweet sunshine and explore our classical ruins and Byzantine monasteries unhurried, unharried, unhassled.

There's so much to see and do in Greece in the fall. Wine festivals. Song festivals. Film festivals. Costumes and color. Poetry, art and theatre. Dancing and drinking. Fireworks and pageantry.

And none of it is expensive. Not even at the most luxurious of our luxury hotels.

So come enjoy summer in Greece this fall. We'll have your room ready for you.

GREECE
IS NEVER OUT OF SEASON

Greek National Tourist Organization
601 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017 (212) HA 1-5777
627 West 6th St., Los Angeles, Calif. 90017 (213) 626-6696

Gentlemen:
I'd like to getaway to Greece in the fall. NR-818
Please send more information.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ **State** _____ **Zip** _____

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Washoe Medical Center puts Milliken MILSTAR carpet to the test.

Preliminary to carpeting soon-to-be-completed, $18,000,000 facilities, Reno's distinguished medical center installed corridor and elevator carpet of MILSTAR, totally new concept in commercial carpeting developed by Milliken Research. MILSTAR was chosen by hospital officials impressed by its superior qualities which include:

Longer Wear. Pile is fuse-bonded into vinyl plastisol, providing resilience and wear equal to or better than the finest tufted and woven constructions. Tuft lock is superior to any other cut pile construction.

Less Maintenance. Impermeable soil barrier back traps dirt on surface, contains spills in pile, makes cleaning easier. In the event of major damage, affected area can be patched with virtually no evidence of seam.

Anti-Static. This vital advantage makes MILSTAR essential to hospital security.

With pile of 70% solution-dyed Acrilan® acrylic fiber and 30% super lightfast nylon, MILSTAR is fade-resistant. Available in color-coordinated solids, stripes and tweeds, plus patterned grades. For complete details, call or write Deering Milliken, Inc., Contract Carpet Manager, LaGrange, Georgia 30240. (404) 883-5511.

PLUS

MILLIKEN

Floor Covering Business, LaGrange, Ga

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